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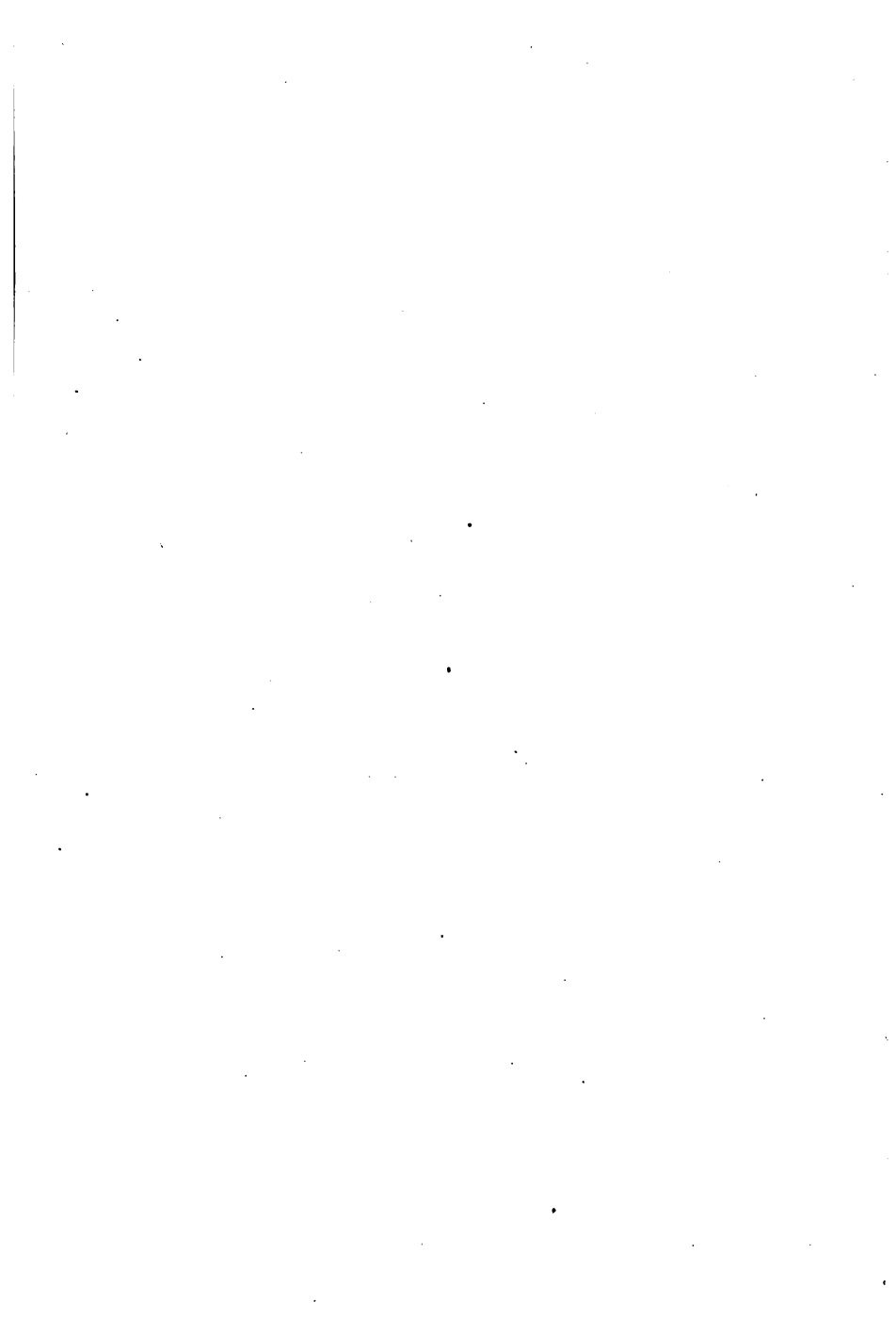
BEYOND THE STONE

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE

JONATHAN KELLOGG

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An Historical Romance



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An Historical Romance

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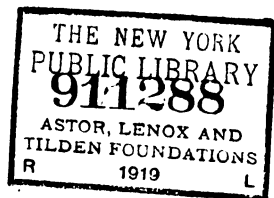
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BENEATH THE STONE

* Miss Anna S. Goodwin. 1848. 1. 17.



BENEATH THE STONE

CHAPTER I

"ISN'T it strange how some people seem to have been born lucky while others go through life and never have what is called good luck? You know that it has often been said: 'It is better to be born lucky than rich.' I have never thought I was lucky. In fact, I do not believe there is such a thing as luck. I am sure everything that occurs is in harmony with natural laws, and is the result of action, either intelligent or otherwise. If men would live right, and take time to think as they should, their actions would be in harmony with reason and the laws of nature, and the results of their acts would be so satisfactory that many who now complain of misfortune would then say they were lucky. As I said, I never thought I was lucky. It is true that some things have turned out to my advantage, and persons have said: 'How lucky he is!' but I have had more ill fortune than good. However, I can trace most of my misfortunes to a lack of good judgment either on my own part or that of some one else."

These remarks were addressed by Mr. Crockett

to his wife, who had a habit of bewailing the family's misfortunes, contrasting them with the "good luck" of some of their friends.

"I believe there is such a thing as luck," said Mrs. Crockett. "Just look at Mr. Jackson. See how he prospers in business; and see Mr. Joseph. Their wives can have anything they want, while I have to do my own work, never have any money to spend, and can never go anywhere on a vacation. I know I always treat everybody right, and I don't see why I can't be lucky as well as other people. I don't believe it is right that I should have such a hard time, while others have everything they want."

In an effort to encourage his wife Mr. Crockett said:

"'It's a long lane that never turns.' Some of my investments will turn out all right one of these days, and then we can again live as we would like to."

And though his wife refused to be comforted, the husband privately determined to act upon a sudden inclination in a certain direction.

Now, it seems that Mr. Crockett's father had owned a large area of land several miles north of the city, and a short time prior to his death,—which occurred in the '40's of the last century,—he had told his wife that, whatever happened, she must not sell a certain tract, because it was very valuable, possessing rich deposits whose existence was known to no one but himself. He explained to her how they were to be found in case of his death before he

could develop the mine that held them. But as he had given her only verbal instructions, which in her grief at his sudden taking off she completely forgot, the secret as to where these valuable deposits of gold and silver ores were hidden died with him, when, having gone hunting, he was found dead by the roadside one day.

Mr. Crockett secretly resolved to unravel the mystery of the land, and, if possible, to find the valuable deposits to which his father had referred and which he fully believed were buried there. So, when an opportune time arrived, he,—ostensibly for recreation,—planned a visit to a relative in the vicinity of the property, taking a gun and fishing-tackle with him.

He remained on this visit about a week, and while with his relative, instead of hunting and fishing,—for he did not fancy either of these sports,—he occupied his time in trying to solve the mystery that had hung over this land for more than half a century. He carefully examined the rocks and trees in the region, to see if there were any marks or signs that would give him a clue to what he sought. He devoted five days to diligent search, without making any discovery that aided him in the least.

Late in the afternoon of the fifth day, just after sundown, being tired, Mr. Crockett sat down to rest on a boulder that projected from the south side of the mountain on this property,—about three hundred feet east of the public highway. While musing over his gloomy prospects, he saw a squirrel run a

few yards in front of him and climb a nearby tree. On the impulse of the moment the man got up to shoot it, when he noticed that its ears and tail were white, but that otherwise it looked like a fox squirrel,—a species very common in that part of the country. He stopped, reflected a moment, and then lowering his gun, said to himself:

“Why should I kill that little squirrel that never did me any harm? Shall I take its life merely for sport? I never eat meat of any kind, and have not for many years, and when I did I would never eat squirrels. I heartily endorse the sentiments expressed by Ralph Waldo Trine.” And to him recurred these words:

“Hunting for sport indicates one of two things,—a nature of such thoughtlessness as to be almost inexcusable, or a selfishness so deplorable as to be unworthy a normal, sane human being. No truly thoughtful manly man, or truly thoughtful womanly woman, will engage in it. And when we read of this or that woman, be she well known in society, or the wife of this or that well-known man, so following her selfish, savage, cruel instincts, or her desire for notoriety or newspaper comments, as to take part in a deer hunt, a fox chase, or a hunt of any type, we have an index to her real character that should be sufficient. I have often wondered how any kind-hearted, thoughtful gentleman could engage in killing innocent birds and animals for sport. Life is as sweet to them as it is to any human. When shooting into a flock of quail, ducks, turkeys, or other

birds, one must necessarily wound some of them. These will probably have to suffer from the wounds many weeks or even months and then die as the result of thoughtlessness. Only think of the sportsman, who on pleasure intent will chase with dogs the beautiful monarch of the forest, and lying in wait, shoot him from ambush merely for sport. Will the human family never get rid of its savage instincts? Some persons excuse themselves for engaging in this kind of sport on the plea of killing birds and animals for food. There may have been cases where this has seemed necessary, but they are very rare. In the first place, this kind of food is not essential. It has been demonstrated time and time again that there is more nourishment in one pound of cereals than in five pounds of flesh food. The trouble with the average meat eater seems to be that he has never given the question a serious thought, but goes right on with the habits of his ancestors, regardless of their economic or ethical value. All thoughtful people should remember that, not many centuries since, their own ancestors were cannibals. And they ought to understand that the human race has not yet reached the acme of evolution.

"One of the ablest statesmen and ripest scholars which the nineteenth century produced, whose character is above reproach, and who is well known to be one of the tenderest fathers, a most devoted husband, and loving friend, has this one thing to mar his beautiful life, that he sometimes engages in killing deer for sport.

"Just think of the awful slaughter of birds and animals to satisfy an abnormal appetite for flesh food! One pound of flesh meat, of any kind, per day, is considered an average ration for one person. Suppose we do a little figuring at this point. Three hundred and fifty pounds is regarded as the weight of an average beef. Thus you see each person will consume almost an entire beef in one year. In fifty years he will have eaten a drove of fifty head of cattle. If there are five persons in his family they will have swallowed two hundred and fifty beeves, or their equivalent in other meats, within a lifetime to supply an abnormal appetite."

As Mr. Crockett reasoned thus, the little animal vanished. Walking leisurely to the tree into which the squirrel had just disappeared, he found a hole about six feet above the ground, which it had entered. Upon further investigation, the seeker discovered in the hollow of the tree a piece of rolled-up leather that had probably at one time been dressed buckskin; but age and exposure had so hardened it that it was difficult now to tell what it was. He pulled it out of the tree and, while it was not prepossessing in appearance, his interest being aroused, he proceeded to unroll it. After doing so, he found it contained an old piece of writing paper,—very small, probably not more than a half sheet, of note size. As the sun had gone down, and night was approaching, Mr. Crockett failed to discover any writing on the paper, and, thinking it of no value, he threw it on the ground and went to his abode,

expecting to return to the city the next morning, without having made the discovery to which he had been devoting his time.

Until late that night Mr. Crockett could not sleep; he kept thinking of the paper, of how he had found it, wondering how it came to be there, and if it might not be a clue to the secret he was trying to solve.

Finally he fell asleep and dreamed that he had taken the paper to the light, and after carefully examining it, found that it contained crude drawings, with some manuscript explaining that the drawings indicated the location of a cave in the hillside. He awoke at this juncture, but soon fell asleep again, dreamed the same thing, and again awoke. After Morpheus had claimed him once more, he dreamed the same dream a third time before morning.

Rising unusually early that morning, as the dream weighed heavily on his mind, and without waiting for breakfast, Mr. Crockett repaired to the spot where he had dropped the paper the evening before, his intention being to examine it more carefully. But as there had been a wind-storm during the night, the paper had been blown away, and although he made diligent search, he could nowhere find it. Feeling disappointed and discouraged because of his carelessness in having thrown it away and at his failure to find it again, he sat down on a bowlder that was partly buried in the side of the hill near the upper end of a ravine,—a bowlder that showed

evidence of having been there undisturbed many centuries, perhaps since the great volcanic upheaval that was the builder of the mountain itself.

Musing over the events of the past twenty-four hours, in connection with his dream, he was led to reflect on the remarks of his wife about luck. He said to himself:

"Is this luck or is it design? If design, whose?"

Then his thoughts turned toward the mystery of the universe, with millions of worlds wheeling in the immensity of space. He then tried to think of the end of space.

"Is there an end to it?" he queried. "Could not that end be reached in the course of millions of years, if one were to travel with lightning speed? We are told," his thoughts ran on, "that it took thousands of years for light to reach the earth from some of the visible stars, and that if a man were placed on one of these remote stars, he could then see other worlds quite as far beyond, and that, if transported there, others could still be seen in the distance; so that one might go on and on and still find worlds and suns beyond. But," he concluded, "is it not possible that there may be an outer wall on which could be written: '*Ne plus ultra?*'"

In his contemplation of the vastness of the universe and the innumerable worlds of immense proportions, moving majestically and measuredly and regularly in their orbits, our solar system became to him, as it were, a mere handful of marbles, and this little sphere on which we live merely as an

atom in comparison with the immensity of the scheme of creation.

"Who is the author of this vast space?" he asked within himself, "and of these worlds, and of the system by which they move, and of human life, and of all life?"

Mr. Crockett reflected on this subject until he was ready to exclaim with the prophet of old: "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

Mr. Crockett remembered that, according to the accepted interpretation, the Bible teaches that all of these worlds and stars, or suns, were created in one day, while it took five days to create this little earth on which we live, and the creatures that dwell thereon. This, on its face, is unreasonable (so determined Mr. Crockett); for some of the other worlds are several thousand times larger than this one. There must be some mistake about the evidence on which this assumption of the teachers of the history of the creation is based. Whence comes this theory? Who wrote it, and when? Did the author know anything about the facts? Then, again, where has this history of creation been all these centuries? Can we accept it as correct? Was not this book kept for hundreds of years exclusively in the hands of designing persons? Does not science contradict many of its important statements in regard to creation? Instead of this world being only about six thousand years old, according to the Bible theory, it is well established by geology that it is very much older—probably several hun-

dred thousand—possibly millions of years old. Is it not possible that creation has been going on through all eternity; that many of the worlds have been in a comparatively complete condition for billions of ages, and that the inhabitants of some of them enjoy a very much higher degree of civilization, culture, refinement, and spirituality than do those of this world?

There is no good reason for refusing the truth, even though it should conflict with the orthodox teachings of professed Christians, or our preconceived notions. When men can lay aside prejudice and refuse to be blindly influenced by the teachings of others, but will think and reason for themselves, they will begin to understand the truth, and not until then. It is difficult to understand why any sane person is willing to accept anything but truth.

As his thoughts took this shape, understanding of it all began to come to Mr. Crockett, and he exclaimed aloud:

“How insignificant is man, and how frail!—only as a shadow that passes in a moment and then is gone forever. Why should a man strive,—wear his life out to get riches, when history shows that so few succeed, and only a very small percentage of those who do acquire great riches ever enjoy either the riches they have secured or life itself. Is it not better then for a man to do those things that contribute most to the relief, comfort, and happiness of others? For this will surely bring happiness to himself. After all, what is there in man

that moves him to act in any direction? Some will say a desire to accumulate wealth, or power, or influence, so as to contribute to the happiness of others and to the enjoyment of life. But why should we wish to contribute to the happiness of others?"

And even as he questioned himself the answer came: "Because it gives us pleasure to see them happy. Then," he argued, "it is for the purpose of contributing to our own happiness, after all, that we do this; it is selfishness. When our actions are analyzed, and we are honest enough to go to the bottom of our motives, we find that we are moved by selfishness.

"Why do I wish to get money?" he asked himself: "I have been thinking that it was to enable me to take better care of those dependent upon me, and to assist in caring for others: to build and foster charitable institutions, where the helpless and afflicted may be provided for; to make places where every man, woman, and child may find employment, and thereby assist them in taking care of themselves. By doing this I will contribute to their happiness, and thus will I make the world better."

CHAPTER II

WHILE thus musing, Mr. Crockett's attention was attracted by the squirrel that had played so important a part in the drama on the evening before, which now came from its hiding place, ran on the ground and climbed another and larger tree, about fifty yards further down the ravine. He started suddenly and, without knowing why he did so, followed the squirrel until he reached the foot of the tree it had just ascended. In examining the tree to see if he could find a hollow into which the squirrel could have gone, he noticed certain marks that had the appearance of figures, or letters, cut into the bark. But, as the bark was rough, it was impossible to distinguish these clearly. He knew it was customary for government surveyors to mark trees at the corners of quarter sections, but he was certain that this was not such a corner, and that if the symbols were letters and figures, they had been put there for some other purpose.

After studying these marks carefully for some time Mr. Crockett made out the number "50," in very dim outline, and "Yds.N.," from which he concluded that this was another clue to the secret he had been trying to solve. As fifty yards north of the tree would be a point near the stone upon which

he had been sitting, he went back there and examined it carefully, but could discover nothing that gave any hint at a solution of the mystery.

The forenoon now having nearly passed, Mr. Crockett decided to give up the search for the time being, and returned to his home in the city in the afternoon.

After taking leave of his friends, he had gone but a short distance when he overtook a boy who had been hunting squirrels, and they walked on together until they came to a point opposite the marked tree, when suddenly the same squirrel Mr. Crockett had seen twice before ran across the road a short distance in front of himself and his companion.

The boy, intent upon killing some game, fired hurriedly, before he could be checked, but evidently missed his mark, for the squirrel ran a short distance farther and hid itself among the branches of a tree. The boy began reloading his gun, which was an old-fashioned muzzle-loading, single-barrel shotgun; but in doing so found he had no "wadding," and looking around for something that would answer the purpose, he found on the roadside a dingy-looking piece of old paper, which he picked up, thinking to use it. He was just on the point of putting it in his gun, when Mr. Crockett's attention was attracted by its appearance,—resembling, as it did, the one he had lost or thrown away the day before. He quickly snatched it before the boy could use it, and upon examination found it was the same.

Now having bright sunshine in which to examine it, he did so, and found it contained crude drawings and manuscript just as it had appeared in his dream. The drawings, though old and dim, were sufficiently plain to give an idea of what they were intended for, and represented a large boulder at the head of a ravine on the hillside. The writing on the paper ran thus:

"Dig under three feet."

Mr. Crockett rightly interpreted this to mean that he must dig three feet under the boulder. Saying nothing to the boy about his discovery, he placed the paper carefully in his pocket, with the determination not to let go of it again; and having supplied the boy with material with which to reload his gun, they walked on, leaving the squirrel, which had made its escape.

Arriving at home in due time, he was met by his little daughter Alice,—a child of about six years,—who greeted him with a kiss, and began plying him with questions as to where he had been, why he had been gone so long, what he had done, and then prattled away about her dolls, school, and other things that a child would naturally be interested in. Supper was soon announced, and all being seated at the table, Alice insisted on "saying grace," as she called it,—a duty that she had assumed in the absence of her father. The ceremony of "saying grace" having been performed, Alice's mind began to dwell on God: she wanted to know where he was.

"If He is away up in heaven," she questioned,

"how can He hear us say our prayers? How big is God? Does He look like a man? How did He make the world, and what did He make it out of? Where is the bad place, and how does the bad man keep up the fires? How does he get the wicked men and children out of the ground and take them there to burn them? If God made everything, why did He make the bad man?"—referring to the devil.

Mr. Crocket answered these questions as best he could, so that the child might the better understand.

The next day was Sunday,—a gloomy morning, with dark clouds hanging low, like a pall, over the city: a day that tended to dampen anything like cheerfulness within doors. After the necessary preparations had been made, Mr. and Mrs. Crockett walked to church, reaching there in time for Mrs. Crockett to have a short visit with some of the members of the congregation before the services began. In spite of the weather the attendance was large, for the Reverend Dr. Swinburne, the minister, had the power to attract many hearers, being a man of considerable distinction, one that had traveled extensively in the Old World, and also what is commonly called a "progressive thinker."

To-day he took for his text this Scripture:

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

The clergyman began his discourse in an easy, conversational style, and chained the attention of his audience from the start. He took the position that

"In the very nature of things they work together

for good to them that love God. Certainly not all who say, 'Lord, Lord,' shall prosper, for many make great pretense of piety and devotion, but they do it all for show. They will rob you in a trade if an opportunity presents itself. Those who love God are such as love their fellow-men; not merely in word, but in deed also,—those that will seek out and help the needy, relieve the distressed, and console the afflicted. . . . Every kind word spoken and every good deed performed will have a beneficial effect on the person thus employed, and the good deeds and kind words will go on extending their influence throughout the unnumbered ages that constitute eternity. It is not essential that a man should have his name on the church roll, or that he should be baptized, in order that he should serve God. While this kind of machinery may help some people, as crutches help the lame to walk, yet it has made thousands of hypocrites; men who worship the form, but lose the spirit.

"Men should read and study the Bible as literature,—just as they would any other book,—in the light of reason. . . .

"The trouble with the religion of most men is that they take for granted what some priest, or preacher, has said, and have concluded that the Bible is a book that cannot be investigated. The result is that they do not try to study it. The preachers try to compel the Bible to teach their particular creeds, or dogmas, claiming for it plenary inspira-

tion. In their narrowness and bigotry, they fail to see that they make God a cruel monster, instead of a loving father. They fail to see the many contradictions and errors in the book. The Bible is a valuable book and should be studied by every one. It gives us information that we find nowhere else. The teachings of Jesus in the New Testament are intended to better mankind, and if practiced by all men, would revolutionize the world, and make life worth living. The difficulty is to get people to think."

Then Dr. Swinburne urged his audience to think, and to read the Bible with their minds open, ready to receive the truth, no matter where they found it.

"I do not oppose church organization, for, under existing conditions, it seems necessary, and 'in union there is strength.' In order to bind men and women more closely in an organized body, it is necessary to have some forms and ceremonies; but when all become fixed and strong in the truth, this scaffolding may be dispensed with. Jesus knew the power and influence of such ceremonies as baptism, and of the so-called Lord's Supper, and recommended them to His apostles."

Such sentiments as these and many more expressions of independent thought found utterance by Dr. Swinburne that morning. The sermon over, the preacher was warmly congratulated by some and severely criticized by others,—some going so far as to pronounce him a heretic,—a greater infidel than

Ingersoll or Tom Payne. But neither compliment nor condemnation ruffled his calm.

"I know 'Truth is mighty and will prevail,' " was his comment to admirer and decrrier alike.

CHAPTER III

A NUMBER of friends had called on Miss May Fosdick and her brother Charles, each of whom had just been graduated, the former from Hamilton College, and the latter from the Kentucky University, each having received the highest honors at each institution. May was nineteen years old, and Charles twenty-three. They had been reared carefully, having received every advantage that money and the love of doting parents could bestow. Mr. Fosdick, the father of these young persons, had been fortunate in some investment he had made in mining stocks in the West, and was now counted among the multi-millionaires.

May was an only daughter, and being handsome and accomplished, was the center of a large and cultured circle. Charles was a great favorite at school, both with his teachers and the other students. He was studious, attentive, earnest, and brilliant. Perfectly unselfish, he would aid a fellow-student in preparing his lessons if they were difficult, to the neglect of his own studies; and often he had contributed in a substantial way to the comfort of the poorer boys, when he could do so without giving offense. He was so popular with the students that he was invariably chosen captain or leader of all the

clubs and games. He was the president of the school society, and, too, was always at the head of his classes.

At commencement he had been selected out of a large number of graduates to deliver the valedictory. Having prepared his paper to read, as was customary, he placed it on the desk in front of him, but there it remained unread, for he had no occasion to refer to it again,—speaking from memory, freely and in a faultless manner, in the presence of an immense audience. He had chosen for his subject, "The survival of the fittest." For about thirty minutes he spoke, and his hearers, including the professors and students, were so entranced by his eloquence that they were unconsciously leaning forward, drinking in every word he uttered. At the conclusion of his address all pronounced his valedictory the finest they had ever listened to, prophesying for him a brilliant future.

May Fosdick was very pretty, with dark brown hair and eyes, and a face as fair as a lily. Mr. Fosdick and his wife had reared their children in the light of reason, so that neither of them had ever been sick. Having pure minds and hearts full of love for humanity, they were perfectly developed human beings. The daughter had been trained in all the graces and accomplishments of the very best society of our modern civilization, and was pronounced the most charming young lady in the city.

Mr. Fosdick had resided in Cincinnati for many years, and had reared his children there, but in

order to finish their education, he had sent them to Lexington, situated in the heart of the blue-grass region of that beautiful and historic State, Kentucky. They not only had the benefit of instruction at these noted educational institutions, but had the advantage of association with the most refined, cultured, and chivalric people of the whole country. That section of Kentucky, having been greatly favored by nature, has been made the garden spot of the world by its wealthy and cultured residents.

The young people assembled at the Fosdicks' that evening had all been in good spirits, and the hours had passed rapidly, as they discussed the subjects that presented themselves. It could have been said that this was an unique party, because none of those present engaged in the frivolous nonsense, so common with most young people on such occasions. The time that was not devoted to music had been occupied in intellectual conversation, and all were thereby benefited. In discussing the comparative merits of the Southern States, they had under special consideration Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

"There is one State," said May Fosdick, "that has not been mentioned, and from what I have read and heard about it, I think it must be equal, if not superior, to some of the others referred to,—and that is Arkansas. I have heard some slight allusions to the 'toothpick' and the 'Arkansas Traveler,' but while these things might have been popular at a very early day, they have long been relegated to

the swamps; and for one to refer to them now as representing the sentiments of the progressive and cultured people of that State, I think would be to slander them."

To this all assented. Then one of the party wished to know if Miss May would play the "Arkansas Traveler" for them, as he had often heard of it, and was anxious to hear it played. Somewhat reluctantly she consented to do so, saying:

"I feel as if I will be doing injustice to one of my schoolmates at college, a young lady from that State, with whom I became very intimate. She is now visiting her roommate at Avondale, and I have invited her to spend some time with me in Cincinnati. I hope she will do so before returning to her home in Arkansas."

Mr. Fosdick, hearing the State of Arkansas mentioned, recalled the fact that he and Mr. Howell,—a former business associate,—had once owned an interest in the silver-lead mines there; but they had disposed of it long ago, because of its unsatisfactory management by their superintendent.

"I am satisfied," said Mr. Fosdick, "that those mines are richer than any in the West, and some day they will be developed as they should be. I understood there was a mystery connected with them in some way, and that there were supposed to be valuable hidden treasures somewhere in them, placed there by the Spaniards; but I am not sufficiently advised to give any definite or lucid explanation of the story."

Naturally, as soon as the young people heard him speak of a mystery they at once became deeply interested in it, insisting upon hearing more about the lost treasure.

CHAPTER IV

THE following day there was to be a grand political demonstration in H——, one of the suburbs of Cincinnati, on which occasion Charles Fosdick had been invited to address the people on the financial question.

The day dawned bright and beautiful. The air was pure and fresh; a gentle breeze fanned the crimson cheeks of the fragrant June apples; birds were flitting from tree to tree with sweetest song, charming the ear of every listening soul, while bees were sipping honey from myriads of flowers that were to be seen in great profusion on every hand.

As the party,—composed of Mr. Fosdick's family, Mr. Howell, his children, George, Miss Lillian, and a few invited friends,—drove along the pike in their elegant open family carriages, they were enjoying the day as only honest, pure souls may enjoy the blessings that are so bountifully showered upon them every day and everywhere. Beautiful vine-clad cottages dotted the roadside; laughing children were seen here and there at play on the beautiful lawns that lined the roadway, and the sleek Jersey kine were leisurely cropping the clover and blue grass in meadows along the route. Dewdrops were still clinging to the green foliage and sward,

glistening like myriads of diamonds in the bright morning sunshine.

After a few hours' drive the party reached their destination, and, though it was early, they found a large number of persons had preceded them, while others were coming from every direction, and in all kinds of conveyances. Trains were bringing large numbers from Cincinnati and adjacent towns, and the farmers, with their wives and children, were there from all the rural districts. An old-fashioned barbecue had been prepared, which was said to be the most tempting public spread that had been seen in many a day.

The occasion had been well advertised, both in the newspapers and in every other possible way, with the hope of making this the greatest demonstration of modern times, for this was a Presidential year,—that is, a year in which a President is to be elected. Members of the old parties were very much divided on the leading question of the day,—finance. A large majority of the Democrats seemed to favor the free, unlimited, and independent coinage of silver, at the ratio of sixteen to one. The administration,—though Democratic,—and many Eastern Democrats opposed this measure, favoring the single gold standard. The majority of the Republican party seemed to favor the gold standard, and were opposed to the free coinage of silver, though many of the party agreed with the majority of the Democrats on that question. The Populists favored the free coinage of silver; and though they were in the

minority, their ranks had been largely augmented since the defection in the two old parties.

The demonstration was under the auspices of the Free Silver Democrats, but they had invited their opponents to discuss the question with them. Several distinguished gentlemen had been announced to speak; both sides of the question being equally well represented. Among those who favored the single gold standard were Secretary Carlisle, and Hon. John Sherman; Mr. Bland, of Missouri, and Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, being among the free-silver champions. Each speaker made the effort of his life, and was vigorously applauded.

After they had all spoken, Charles Fosdick was introduced, and began to speak in a clear, musical voice, which, without any special effort on his part, was heard distinctly by all that vast concourse of people. Notwithstanding there had been more or less confusion, caused by people passing back and forth and privately expressing their views on the political issues, all now became so quiet that one could have heard a whisper. Charles spoke with such ease and fluency, that this vast audience, though it had listened to four able speeches from men of national renown, seemed anxious to catch every word he uttered.

Charles spoke just one hour, and in his entire address never used a superfluous word. He showed his hearers that the depression in business was the natural outcome of demonetizing silver, and that many years ago this distressing condition had been

predicted by two of the able speakers of the day, notwithstanding they had since that time changed their attitude on this subject, and now favored what they then opposed. He showed them that the result of this action by the government had actually come to pass and that the people were still suffering from its effects, and would continue to do so as long as the present policy of the government was pursued, unless some other method should be adopted to increase the amount of money in circulation.

I will not attempt to report his speech verbatim, but suffice it to say, he delivered the most eloquent and logical address of this occasion, and his appeal for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one was so irresistible that at its conclusion there was such applause by the entire multitude that it seemed as if every one present agreed with him. His address was so full of sound logic, his illustrations so graphic, and his earnestness so intense, that it had the effect of starting the campaign with such enthusiasm that a greater part of his auditors became earnest workers in the cause of free silver.

Charles Fosdick's appeal had risen above mere partisan politics, had shown the ethical side of the question: that men should rise above the narrow view taken by some who claimed that the re-monetizing of silver would only contribute to the wealth of a few mine-owners. He showed them that while these would undoubtedly be benefited, that it would also help the entire nation, and insisted that men

should be noble enough willingly to better the condition of the entire human family when it was in their power to do so; that we had practically been experimenting with a single gold standard for more than twenty years, and the result has been to enhance the riches of the wealthy few at the expense of the masses; that notwithstanding the abundance of crops and the fact that we had been at peace among ourselves and with the whole world, this vast country was bleeding at every pore,—from the Canadian line to the Rio Grande,—because of the depression in business, produced by legislation on the finance question. He called attention to the fact that suicides, defalcations, murders, and crime of every conceivable character had increased to an alarming extent since the present financial policy had been inaugurated; to say nothing of the beggary, poverty, squalor, and misery that had been brought upon a once prosperous and happy people. The picture he drew of the suffering people was so vivid and true to facts, and his appeal to the distinguished gentlemen,—who had formerly prophesied this condition of the country, and who had preceded him in addressing the audience on this occasion,—to abandon the cause they were now advocating, and to use their influence in behalf of the great masses of the people, was so earnest and pathetic, that those gentlemen actually shed tears,—a manifestation of their knowledge that they knew he spoke the truth. But they were no longer free men, being bound hand and foot by a chain of gold, and could not claim their souls

as their own. They had "sold their birthright for a mess of pottage," and must go on advocating a policy which they knew, and had foreseen many years before, would, if adopted, bring the most dire results.

At the close of his address, hundreds of people rushed up to congratulate Charles, and went away convinced that he spoke the truth, announcing that they were determined to adopt and advocate the policy he favored, for they believed it to be the solution of the existing problem.

The result of this effort on Charles' part was that a large number of speakers soon started into different sections of the State, some even going into other States to deliver addresses to the people, panoplied with zeal and backed by an array of facts and most convincing arguments.

The National Democratic Convention held in Chicago had adopted a plank in its platform favoring the free and unlimited coinage of silver, at the ratio of sixteen to one, independent of the action of any other nation, and had nominated a candidate who was fully in sympathy with the momentous issue.

Late in the evening Mr. Fosdick and the party that had gone out in the morning returned to Cincinnati. All were proud of Charles' effort, and, as the evening papers had reported the speech, a large number of his friends and admirers had met to show their appreciation. Some were so enthusiastic as to remove the horses from his carriage and draw it themselves through the streets of the city.

The next day being Sunday, all prepared to attend church. The day dawned beautiful and bright; the sun rose majestically in a cloudless sky; the atmosphere was fragrant with honeysuckles, roses, and myriads of flowers that charmed the senses,—indeed, the day was an ideal one in every respect. A great many people were on their way to church, dressed in their best Sunday attire. The bells were chiming the hour for service, inviting the worshippers to join in devotion to the Giver of all good.

May, Charles, and Lillian were approaching the church, when they fell in company with the minister and Hattie Forster a beautiful blonde of nineteen summers. She had been well educated, and reared in good society, but, being an only child, had been petted, humored, and spoiled. She had been especially admired by George Webster, a young man of plutocratic tendencies. Just now, however, he was out of the city in the interest of his father's business. He had attended the same school that Charles did, but, being of indolent habits, never secured any honors, and finally had to leave the school in disgrace.

Hattie and her father had read in the city papers the high compliments paid to Charles because of his able address the day before, and now she added her praise in person. Being a charming conversationalist, Hattie engaged the attention of Charles until their arrival at church, while the minister accompanied the other young ladies. She was lavish in her praise of Charles' speech as reported by the press,

and generous in the predictions for his future success.

The minister, while a good man, had not advanced in his religious teachings much beyond the first principles as held by his church creed,—“faith, repentance and baptism.” As Charles listened attentively to his sermon that morning, he felt a sense of pity rather than any other emotion, wondering why so many men will continue to live in grooves. His mind ran out into the ages of the future, and he asked himself: “Will such men never grow? Will they never advance beyond their narrow creeds?” He very well understood that the mind of man was very much the same as that of a child. As it is important to have pictures in the child’s book to illustrate the story, so it is with some men in the case of religion: you must furnish them not only with pictures, but you must give those pictures frames, so that they may be hung where they can be seen. To such men it would seem that baptism is necessary, so that they may see their religion. Charles understood the object of the great Galilean Teacher when he required baptism of his converts. He clearly understood that the Maker of the universe did not care anything about baptism, and that it did not save a man, but that his salvation depended upon the life he lived. The idea that the Father would consign his weak and helpless child to eternal torment in a lake of fire, or to any other kind of punishment, because he had failed to be immersed in water by some preacher, or because some priest had not

sprinkled a few drops of water on him when he was an unconscious babe, was too preposterous to entertain for a moment. He knew that such a religion had driven hundreds and thousands of honest and loving hearts from the church, and had landed some of them in atheism.

Charles, full of the zeal of youth, longed for the time to come when he could proclaim the truth from any rostrum. He possessed not only a bright intellect, but also a warm loving heart. He wanted to better the condition of all human beings, to place them on a higher plane, making noble and pure men and women of them, enabling them to see the real objects of life. When he reflected that nearly all men had given themselves over to the demon whose only ambition is to acquire money, and to gratify the baser passions, he groaned within himself in very pity for their condition. He did not then know, as he did later in life, that the greater number of men would spurn the truth, and brand him as an infidel, and that those who were church members, and fancied themselves good Christians, would be willing to crucify him for attempting to show them their errors.

CHAPTER V

THE following week Hattie Forster gave a party to which Charles, May, Lillian, and George, besides a large number of others, were invited. The assemblage was composed of the beauty and chivalry of the "Queen City" and a number of guests were there from other cities. Colonel Forster's residence was in the most fashionable part of the city,—spacious, and of modern architecture. It possessed all the comforts, conveniences, and beauty that money could bestow. Its grounds were larger than any other in the city. Its concrete walks were lined with flowers and evergreens, and were shaded by stately oaks, with here and there a cedar, and other trees. The grounds, naturally picturesque, had been beautified with an artificial lake, in which a large variety of choice fish had been planted and well cultivated in great numbers. The guests arrived early and a number of merry dancers were soon on the floor, whirling in the dizzy waltz.

Charles and Hattie had been dancing, but were now seated in a bay window at the front part of the house,—a window that opened on the piazza. Charles had been speaking to her of the opportuni-

ties the rich have, not only of getting pleasure out of life for themselves, but of giving it to others.

"It takes very little to give pleasure to some people," he said; "a kind word, a smile, or a little substantial relief in cases of absolute need, will bring untold pleasure to the recipient."

He spoke of the number of worthy people who were now in reduced circumstances because of misfortune produced by the financial panic that prevailed from one end of the country to the other. Hattie had never given a thought to such things. Her father had always had plenty, and being an only child, she had been humored in her every wish. She had been too intent upon gratifying her own selfish desires to give a thought to the poor and afflicted. Her father had made his money out of a contract to supply the army with beef during the Civil War. He had grown rich rapidly, and some were bold enough to hint that it was by questionable methods.

While Charles and Hattie were thus talking, they noticed a little barefooted boy about twelve years old coming up the walk toward them. He would walk rapidly a few steps, and then slacken his pace and stop, as if hesitating to approach the house; but his errand being evidently one of urgent necessity, he took courage and came on. The electric light shone full on him, so they could see him distinctly as soon as he entered the grounds. The boy attracted the attention of Charles as soon as he caught sight of him. He was thinly clad, and though his clothing was of cheap stuff and patched, it was neat

and whole. The boy, as before stated, was barefooted and wore a cheap straw hat. His face was thin and pale, and had a sad though intelligent expression. His manner was polite, showing he had been properly trained by a mother who, though in the clutches of poverty now, had seen better days.

The boy saw Charles and Hattie and, though anxious to speak to some one, he hesitated. Charles, noting his embarrassment and sensing that he was in distress, came to his relief by asking him who it was he wanted to see, and if he could do anything for him. Whereupon the boy said:

"My little sister is very sick and I am afraid she will die. My mother has been nursing her for several nights without any sleep, and being sick herself, can scarcely keep up. She had had no medicine and no money to buy any with, and I came to ask if you will kindly telephone for a city physician."

Hattie knew the boy, as she had seen him frequently on the street selling newspapers. Turning to Charles, she said impatiently:

"Oh, don't bother about those people. This is Sidney Jones. He is the son of that woman across the street in the basement of that flat. They are poor white trash and we don't wish to have anything to do with them."

And throwing a small coin to the boy, she told him to take that and run home. She then suggested to Charles that they go to another part of the house, where they would not be annoyed by such people. Charles pleaded with her, urging that any woman

with a sick child ought to receive some attention, and that as little as he could do would be to call a physician, adding:

"The boy did not ask for alms."

He had seen that Sidney had paid no attention to the coin thrown him, showing plainly the keen hurt of the insulting words spoken by Hattie.

At length Charles got Hattie to lead the way to the telephone; but before going he told the boy he would comply with his request.

On telephoning to the physician Charles was informed that the man of medicine had retired for the night and could not be disturbed now, but would call some time the next day. Charles felt troubled to think of the suffering woman and the child and of the heartlessness of the physician. He began to reflect on Hattie's action and her unkind remarks to the boy. Sidney's pale anxious face interested him. In his abstraction he became reticent; he felt that he could not dance; the gay throng and music no longer gave him pleasure. Although Hattie exerted herself to entertain him, she failed to do so, and he excused himself early in the evening, leaving as quietly as possible so as not to attract the attention of others.

CHAPTER VI

IMMEDIATELY after leaving the party Charles went to seek the boy and his mother and, if possible, to relieve their distress.

Sidney met him at the door, and told him that his sister had been growing worse; that his mother could not leave her bedside, and anxiously inquired if the doctor would come soon. Charles did not tell him of the heartlessness of the physician, but replied that he thought a doctor would not be long coming, and immediately started to find one.

Charles had to some extent investigated the "New Thought" methods of healing, and had studied Christian Science, Mental Science, Hypnotism, and Suggestion, and having observed some very remarkable cures that had been effected by those methods, —cures, too, of patients whose cases were chronic and had been given up as incurable by the regular physicians,—he was deeply impressed with the idea of securing the services of one of these healers for the sick child. He recalled the fact that Mrs. Wilmans, a healer of considerable note, lived only a few blocks away; so he hastened to her house and engaged her services. Having reported to her the condition of the child and its mother, the practitioner

promptly responded and accompanied him to see them.

On entering the house they were received by Sidney in a very polite and dignified manner. The reception room was also used by Sidney as his sleeping apartment. The few scanty pieces of furniture in it were evidence of the straitened circumstances of the widow. A single picture,—a portrait in oil of an intellectual, middle-aged gentleman,—adorned the wall. Sidney's cot was in one corner of the room; and although everything betokened extreme poverty, the place was thoroughly clean and tidy in appearance.

Sidney led the way to the door of the next room, in which the sick child lay, attended by its mother, who was thin and pale, and evidently nearly exhausted. On entering they found the child with a raging fever. The poor heartbroken mother was bathing the little one's temples with cold water; it was all she could do. She believed her child must die very soon, unless relief came promptly.

Without saying a word, Mrs. Wilmans, seeing the situation, determined to do all in her power to save the child's life, and seating herself by the bedside and taking the little sufferer's hand in hers, spoke a few gentle soothing words, which had the effect of quieting her. In a few moments she saw that the child's fever began to subside, and told the mother that she need have no fears now, as her child would be better very soon. And, true enough, in less than an hour her temperature had gone down several de-

grees, and she fell into a sweet sleep that lasted for half an hour.

On awaking, she looked with an affectionate smile, first on one and then on another of those about her, and in a feeble whisper asked for sister. Sidney glided quickly and gently to the next room in the rear, which served as a kitchen, and beckoned to his sister, who was there at work. She arose immediately, came in, and hastened to the child and kissed her. After this the invalid slept again for several hours. The brother and sister were standing by the bedside, rendering such services as were possible. Charles had been a silent onlooker, watching the sick child and distressed family, ready and eager to do anything he could to relieve their suffering, evidently feeling as much interest in them as if they had been a part of his own household.

Grace,—the sister,—was a beautiful girl, rather tall, with very dark hair and eyes, and a fine olive complexion. Her manners indicated that she had been reared by cultured parents and that she possessed a refined and sensitive nature. She was neatly clad in a plain gingham dress, but, even so, looked like some beautiful picture.

Both Mrs. Wilmans and Charles had been so deeply interested in the little patient that they had paid no special attention to Grace when she came in; but now that the child was evidently out of danger, Charles gave more attention to his surroundings. As Grace stood nearly opposite to him, where the dim light shone on her face, he had an opportunity

of studying it, without being observed by her; and this is what he saw: A girl just budding into womanhood, with perfect features and a symmetrical figure, while the well-developed head indicated more than usual intelligence.

Charles was particularly well pleased with her refined and gentle manners; and he noticed that in addition to having delicately chiseled features, her hands were small and shapely. Indeed, the manners and general appearance of all the family struck him as remarkable, considering their surroundings.

Charles had talked very little with Grace, or any one else, during this time, but he learned enough to know that this family had seen better days, and he saw they were now in destitute circumstances.

On his way home he stopped at a store and ordered a liberal supply of groceries, including many delicacies, to be sent to Mrs. Jones.

The next morning at breakfast he told his mother of his experience of the night before, and about the very destitute condition of the family, dwelling particularly on their refined manners. Mrs. Fosdick at once became interested in them, saying she would visit them at once. On doing so, she found the child much better, and the mother and Grace quite hopeful. Mrs. Wilmans, who chanced to come in a few minutes later, pronounced the child out of danger, but said it would be very important that she should be kept perfectly quiet for several days.

In the afternoon Mrs. Fosdick went to see them again, and as May had heard her mother speak of

her visit that morning and intended visit in the afternoon, she begged permission to accompany her.

On arriving at the place they saw some furniture standing on the sidewalk, and heard an officer call to two men in his employ:

"Bring out the other things, and put the wretches out of the house, and lock the door."

One of the men, who seemed to be more humane than most men of his class usually are, hesitated, and finally expostulated with the officer, saying:

"There is a sick child in there, and it will kill her to put her out now."

The officer, with an oath, impatiently told him to go on and do as he had been ordered. The man still hesitated; whereupon the officer ordered him to go and do as he was bidden, or he would lose his job. The man begged the officer to come in and see the sick child, adding that he knew he would not compel them to put it out in the rain.

It took less time for this to transpire than it does to tell it; for Mrs. Fosdick, having just arrived, witnessed it all. She asked the officer what the trouble was, and why he was forcing those people out of the house, especially as there was a very sick child in there.

"To move it on such a day as this will kill it," she said.

The man, with an oath, retorted roughly:

"It is none of your business."

Mrs. Fosdick spoke gently and said:

"I have just come to visit the sick child, and to

minister to its wants; so I hope you will not insist on putting it out in the rain."

The man's reply to this was that the woman owed two months' rent, and that he had been there twice before to collect it, but had not succeeded in getting it; so his instructions were to put her and her things out of the house, if she didn't pay up. As a peroration, he announced that he was an officer of the law, and that he had legal papers that gave him the authority to do this.

"Besides," he continued, "what does it matter if the child should die? There are too blamed many of these poor white devils in this city now. It would be a blessing to the community if the whole family were to die. If I had my way I would drive them all out of the city. What right have such people to live in the city and be a source of constant trouble to the rest of the community, anyway? There is Colonel Forster's residence across the street,—such a beautiful place!—and he has such an elegant family. His young and accomplished daughter has to see such miserable wretches as these live in front of them. Colonel Forster owns this property, and has been very indulgent with these people. They now owe him two months' rent, and there is no prospect of them paying it."

Mrs. Fosdick then asked him how much the rent amounted to, and the man showed her a bill for six dollars, saying:

"This is the first day of another month, and I cannot let them stay any longer. Why should I?

It is not my business to see that houses are furnished for paupers to live in."

At that moment Mrs. Fosdick saw Colonel Forster coming down the walk from his beautiful residence. He had noticed the tardy movement of the officer, and becoming impatient, determined to see what was the cause of it. He noticed the two ladies standing there, but did not know who they were, nor did he care.

As he came up, in his gruff and overbearing manner, he demanded of the officer to know why his instructions had not been obeyed. Before the officer could reply, Mrs. Fosdick approached and explained to him that there was a sick child in the house and it would not do to put her out in the rain. He turned upon her angrily:

"I don't care a d—n," he exclaimed, "if it kills her and the whole shootin' match of them. I want them moved, and I'm going to have it done. The property belongs to me, and I am not going to harbor a pauper in my house. She has not paid her rent for two months, and I want my money or my house. And another thing: I don't want women preachers and psalm-singing hypocrites interfering with my business. If they love these paupers so well, they had better take them to their own homes and care for them there."

Then, with an oath, he ordered the men to go on with their work. The men, however, hesitated. Forster now became furious, ordering the men to go on with their work at once or he would discharge

them and employ others. One of the men said he needed work, for he had a wife and five children to feed, but he did not have the heart to put that sick child out in the rain, and he would lose his job rather than do such an inhuman act. The other man, an Irishman, had said nothing up to this time, but, seeing the landlord was determined to put the people out of the house, he now said:

"Misther Forster, if youse please, just shtep down and take a pape at the innocent babe; she is the swatest lookin', helpless crater youse iver sot yous ois on. I'm shore you would be afther waiting till she could git up and about, afore youse would be afther throwing her out in the strate."

But Forster ordered him to shut his mouth, and do as he was told. Neither of the men would budge, however; and the landlord became so enraged that he literally filled the air with oaths, gesticulating in so wild and excited a manner that he looked more like a wild beast than a human being. He threatened to go into the house and himself throw out those "devilish paupers," as he called them. So ungoverned grew his rage that Mrs. Fosdick became alarmed for the safety of the child and its mother, and as soon as she could get Forster to listen to her, she asked him how much rent the lady owed him. He roughly informed her that the amount due him was six dollars, and that this was the first day of another month. Mrs. Fosdick paid him the six dollars together with enough for another week in

advance; then, requesting the men to replace the furniture they had removed, she watched them cheerfully carry out her wishes.

As soon as Forster got the money he hurried off.

CHAPTER VII

AFTER seeing the furniture replaced, Mrs. Fosdick took the names and addresses of the two men, gave each a silver dollar, and told them that if they needed employment at any time, to call at her residence. She and her daughter then entered the house, where they found Mrs. Jones, who was alone with the child, in tears. She had not heard what was said nor seen what transpired in front of the building, but she knew that the furniture was being removed, and was momentarily expecting that she and the child would be thrust into the street. In her distress she did not at first recognize her callers, but Mrs. Fosdick soon relieved her anxiety by telling her the trouble was at an end, that the furniture had been replaced, and that the men were gone. The relief was so unexpected and, under the circumstances, so great, that Mrs. Jones was overcome and fell fainting at the feet of Mrs. Fosdick.

May hurriedly procured water and bathed the sufferer's temples, and in a few moments she was revived. Realizing her situation, she began to thank Mrs. Fosdick for coming to her aid; but Mrs. Fosdick told her she need not mention it,—that they would talk these matters over at some other time.

She found the child doing very well; and told Mrs.

Jones to rest easy, that she would not be disturbed until the child had recovered sufficiently to be moved; and then she wanted her to move into other quarters that would be provided.

Not seeing Grace, Mrs. Fosdick inquired for her, and was informed by Mrs. Jones that she had gone out seeking employment.

"We have been in better financial circumstances," explained the mother, "and Grace had been fairly educated and, though she had to quit school before she graduated, she is qualified to teach music, elocution, and painting. I was suddenly deprived of everything, and thus reduced to the circumstances you now find us in. Grace succeeded in finding work in a store, as a clerk, and Sidney sold newspapers on the street, and as for myself, I have managed to get some plain sewing to do part of the time. After my child took sick Grace was unavoidably late in getting to the store one morning, and the manager discharged her. She has not succeeded in getting employment since then, although she has tried every place where she thought it possible to secure it. She has applied to the schools for a position as teacher, but not being a graduate, failed to secure an appointment. She has also tried to get a few music pupils, but being dressed very plainly, did not succeed. Although Grace has been a great deal with my sick child, and has lost a good deal of sleep, she is now out in the rain without any wrap or overshoes."

Then Mrs. Jones went on to say that she had not been able to do any sewing since her child got sick,

three weeks ago, and, in order to procure medicine, she had exhausted what little money she had saved up to pay on her rent, and that they had lived three days on a few potatoes and a little rice. "We were entirely destitute of everything in the way of provisions," she said, "when the doctor and a young gentleman called this morning. Since then some one has sent us a good supply of groceries. I don't know who sent them, but I think it was the young gentleman who came with the doctor."

Mrs. Fosdick told her that she need have no fear about being put out of the house now, as she had seen the proprietor and had arranged with him for the rent.

As soon as the child was well enough, Mrs. Fosdick had Mrs. Jones's family and her effects moved into a nice new cottage that she owned,—only a block distant from her own residence. Then she procured a number of music pupils for Grace and a situation in a large manufacturing concern for Sidney.

Mrs. Fosdick found Mrs. Jones to be a very refined and cultured woman, and soon became very much interested in her. She had been puzzled to understand how it was that a person so refined and cultured should be in such straitened circumstances. After a time, however, Mrs. Fosdick succeeded in drawing out the past history of her new acquaintance, and learned that her husband had been a wealthy merchant in Cincinnati, only a few years before this, and that Forster had been a butcher, who,

during the Civil War, by the influence of Mr. Jones, had secured a contract to supply the army with beef. Her husband had also endorsed Forster's note for a large sum of money in order to enable him to carry out this contract. Mr. Jones had implicit faith in Forster, believing him to be the soul of honor. Although in business matters Mr. Jones was generally careful, he had not taken his usual precaution in dealing with Forster, who defaulted for a large amount for which Mr. Jones was surety, and which he had to pay. Forster also violated his bond with the government and Mr. Jones became involved on that account to a very large amount. As Forster at that time apparently had nothing, Mr. Jones had to sacrifice his business, mortgage his valuable property to make good the bond, and was compelled to give up his business on account of these losses. His great disappointment in Forster's integrity, together with the loss of his business, weighed so heavily on his mind, that his health broke down, and although he struggled manfully, he was never again able to get established in business.

"This," said the widow, "was when Alice, this little sick girl, was less than two years old; she is now nearly nine. I have struggled in the face of poverty ever since, trying to support my little children, and to train and educate them properly. Grace was less than twelve, and Sidney not five at that time. I managed fairly well until the financial panic spread over the country; since then I have found it a very difficult matter. I have been compelled from time

to time to sell my jewelry, until it is all gone. The bric-à-brac and furniture also went, piece by piece, until it has about all gone. My husband was stricken with apoplexy, and became conscious only once before he died, and then only partially so for a moment. He tried to speak but could not. He looked at me as if anxious to tell me something, but could only utter intelligibly the words 'safety vault.' I know nothing about safety vaults and did not know what he could have reference to."

"It is possible that Mr. Jones had valuable papers in some safety vault, and I think it might be well to look into the matter," ventured Mrs. Fosdick.

When Mrs. Fosdick went home she there found Charles, who had just returned from the country, where he had been for a few days. She told him of the conversation she had had with Mrs. Jones, and of the possibility of finding valuable papers that belonged to her husband in some safety vault. Charles readily accepted his mother's suggestion, and offered to investigate the matter for Mrs. Jones.

The next morning he started on this errand, visiting one safety vault after another, until he had interviewed the custodians of all the vaults he knew of, but without success. That night he reported to his father what he had done, and his lack of success in his quest.

"I knew Mr. Jones well," said Mr. Fosdick. "He was one of the most honorable men I ever saw. He was a careful, prudent man, but generous to a fault, and would do anything he could to help his friends

who called on him for assistance. I know he had been treated badly in some way by Forster, and had lost considerable money on his account, which finally caused him to retire from business; but I never knew the particulars in the case. He kept an account at M—— Bank, and it is possible that he placed his valuable papers in the vault of that concern. But," he added, "the cashier of that bank has been dead a year or two, and the new officer may not know anything of his transactions."

The next morning, as soon as the bank was open, Charles started on his mission again, and finding the cashier of this bank at his desk, made known the object of his visit, after telling him who he was. The dignitary was busy, and recognizing Charles as the speaker who had made such an impression on the public with his free silver speech, seemed disposed to cut him short, saying:

"I know nothing of the matter."

Charles knew this slight was because of his principles on the financial question, and determined he would not be suppressed in that manner. He then sought the president of the bank, whom he knew personally,—since he was his father's friend,—and who had been president of the bank ever since it was started.

Finding him in his office, Charles made known his wishes, and that gentleman readily entered into the investigation with him. He told Charles that Mr. Jones had been a large patron of the bank, and he thought had kept his important papers in the vault.

He examined the books, but found no record showing that fact. He then inquired of the clerk who had charge of the vault, but without any better success. He next hunted up the old records of the vault and found that Box 121 had been assigned to Mr. Jones many years prior to this. On investigation, he found that the box was now being used by another person.

The custodian informed him that it had not been used by Mr. Jones for a long time, and that no rent had been paid on it for several years; that, as Mr. Jones was dead and no one ever called for the papers in the box, he concluded they were of no value and had thrown them into a box, which had been used for holding rubbish and cancelled papers. The box had been filled with such worthless papers, and removed by the janitor to the furnace room, where he could use them for starting fires. Charles then lost no time in finding the janitor; and the box that had contained the papers was pointed out to him. There were a number of papers in it, but apparently no business papers such as he was looking for.

As the box had been in the janitor's possession a long time, and as he frequently burned papers from it, Charles had but little hope of finding anything of value, but, nevertheless, he emptied its contents on the floor and picked them up one by one, examining those that had any resemblance to such papers as he hoped to find, but without success. He was about to give up in despair, when, as he sat there

meditating on the uncertainties of fortune and the condition of the widow and her children,—believing they had been unjustly deprived of their property, and that if he could only find those papers, he might be enabled to restore their own to them,—he felt as if some one else were present in the room, although he knew the janitor had been called away. He looked involuntarily to see who was there, but saw no one. Presently he heard,—or thought he heard,—a voice that said: “Look in the furnace.”

Charles did so immediately, and there in the furnace, to his great delight, he found a soiled package of papers that, upon examination, he saw had evidently belonged to Mr. Jones.

CHAPTER VIII

MR. CROCKETT said nothing to his wife about his discoveries and his hopes, but again went into the country for the purpose of making a further investigation of the clues he had obtained to the mystery on his father's land. He had made arrangements for remaining a week, or longer if necessary, and had procured a miner's pick and shovel, with which to make an excavation under the projecting boulder. While he was very eager to pursue his work vigorously, he wished to do so alone and unknown to anyone else; and, for fear some one might pass near and see the fresh dirt he would throw out in prosecuting his work, he gathered brush and placed it around the spot where he was going to dig, which, together with the undergrowth, made a sufficient screen.

He began the work of excavating immediately in front of the boulder, intending to dig under it, if possible. After digging a hole about four feet deep, he came to a flat rock, which, when the pick struck it, gave out a sound as though it were hollow. His difficulty now was to remove the rock. After removing the dirt from it, Mr. Crockett found it extended beyond the limits of the hole he had dug, so he had to enlarge the excavation, and at length found

that the rock was square, or nearly so, while the hole he had dug was round.

"I am convinced if I can remove this rock," he thought, "I will find something buried beneath it, for it has the appearance of having been placed here by some one many years ago, and, since the dirt has been removed, it gives out a cavernous sound when I strike it."

While studying over the situation, he noticed at one end of the rock what seemed to be a small piece broken out of it. A closer examination revealed to him that it had been chiseled out,—evidently for a purpose. On removing the dirt from it on all sides, he found two large rings fastened in one end, large enough for handles to be used in moving the stone, and he also discovered that it was placed on rollers or slides that had evidently been so constructed as to enable one person to move it.

Mr. Crockett took hold of the rings and heaved away at the rock with all his might, but without in the least effecting its removal. Tired out, he sat down on the bottom of the shaft to see if he could find any secret spring or a contrivance of any kind that would enable him to accomplish its removal. Finding none, he fell to thinking, and remembered the crude drawings he had found in the tree that had led him to dig here. These might enable him to find a key to the difficulty.

"But where is the paper?" he asked himself.

He hunted for it in every pocket, but failed to find it. He tried to remember what he had done with it.

That he carefully put it in his pocket he knew, but now it was gone.

While seated thus, he heard the report of a gun nearby; some one was certainly close to him, and he feared he might be seen there, in which case this discovery of his would no longer be a secret. Presently he heard footsteps approaching. They came nearer and nearer. What should he do? What could he do?

Very soon the hunter, for so it proved to be, stopped within a few feet of where Mr. Crockett was. He imagined that the hunter had discovered the fresh dirt, or that something had attracted his attention, and that he was even now looking down on him from the top of the excavation. He felt that he had been discovered, but was afraid to look up.

What should he do?

If the hunter had seen him, hadn't he better make the best of the situation? Should he ask him to assist in removing the stone, or would it be better to say nothing about the discovery, and just let the hunter, who was probably a backwoodsman, conclude that he was simply a mining crank?

What should he do?

Mr. Crockett now became intensely anxious, and a thousand thoughts flashed through his mind in a moment. It seemed to him that he had been in that position an hour, but, in fact, it was less than a minute. He had heard the hunter approach, but he had not heard him leave. He thought he must be standing there. Everything was silent as the grave;

not a sound was heard save the chirping of a bird and the sighing of the wind in the trees above him. He could hear his own heart beat, and his breath came and went, seemingly with unusual noise. He finally looked up, expecting to meet the gaze of his discoverer. To his surprise he saw no one. Just then a butterfly passed above his head, and while looking upward in the deep blue sky, he saw an osprey with outspread wings, apparently floating in the azure above. It seemed but little larger than a humming-bird being up so high. Presently he heard the footsteps of the hunter move on gently, as if afraid of being heard. After they had died away, he took courage to rise and look for him.

As Mr. Crockett raised up and looked in the direction of the receding footsteps, he again saw the same squirrel that had appeared to him before. It had just leaped from one tree to another, and was trying to get away from its pursuer; for it was the squirrel that had attracted the attention of the hunter. Letting his eyes drop from the squirrel to the hunter, one may imagine his astonishment, when Mr. Crockett beheld a beautiful young girl, apparently about eighteen years old, dressed in a short green skirt, with a gray jacket and high boots, her head being covered with a nobby cap or turban. She carried a small repeating Winchester rifle and was now trying to shoot the squirrel. However, it successfully eluded her.

This huntress was rather *petite*, with fair complexion, dark red hair and large blue eyes, and the

most perfectly chiseled features Mr. Crockett had ever beheld. Her costume was very neat, even elegant, indicating wealth and refinement.

"Who can she be and where did she come from?" was his unuttered question.

He stood in wonder and admiration for some minutes, when she finally gave up looking for the squirrel, and walking up the hill, disappeared in the forest. A few minutes later he heard her singing on the top of the mountain, not far away, but hid from his view by intervening trees. Her notes rang out clear and birdlike. She was singing that ever popular ballad, so much cherished by all Americans, "Home, Sweet Home." He knew from this that she had given up the chase for the day and was going home.

"Where is her home, and who is she?" were questions that were still unanswered. Ordinarily he would have thought but little of seeing hunters in this part of the country, and, as soon as gone, he would have dismissed them from his mind; but not so in this case. This hunter was a beautiful young woman, and appearing under such singular circumstances, and possessing so charming a voice, he lost interest for the time being in the mysterious mine he had been trying to develop, and as soon as the last note of her voice had died away, he started in the direction from which her singing had come.

Soon Mr. Crockett had reached the summit of the mountain, but she was not there. At once he descended to the public road, which was only a

few hundred feet distant; but there, too, he found no trace of her. As the sun was getting low and sending his golden arrows toward the zenith, the birds were seeking their resting-places, and he could hear the tinkling of the cow-bells in the distance as boss slowly wended her way homeward, Mr. Crockett decided to seek his temporary home, and there make inquiry about this young girl. He arrived there after a short walk, and related what he had seen; how the young girl sang so sweetly and finally disappeared, as if the earth had swallowed her. But no one there had ever seen or heard of her. Her appearance was as much a mystery to them as it had been to him.

"Where could she have come from, and where gone for the night?"

These were the questions that puzzled Mr. Crockett and his friends.

Had he been dreaming, or was this such a fairy as one reads about? He almost doubted his own senses.

CHAPTER IX

THE next morning Mr. Crockett returned to his work of trying to remove the stone, which he had been endeavoring to do when interrupted by the young lady hunter. That there was a way to remove it he had no doubt. That it covered the entrance to a secret chamber in the mountain he felt certain. What the chamber contained he was anxious to know. It might have been the abode of some prehistoric race, or it might have been used as a safe hiding-place devised by some of the early settlers as a refuge from savage Indians. Again, it might have been the rendezvous of outlaws in the days of John A. Murrel, the noted highwayman. These were burning questions in the explorer's mind. He was satisfied that he was about to make wonderful discoveries, and yet there was a barrier to his progress that he was unable to overcome. He became almost frantic, and stamped on the rock with all his might. He could not hope, however, to break it, as he knew it was several inches thick, but it gave out a hollow sound that was quite tantalizing.

Jumping out of the excavation, he walked involuntarily toward the tree that had given him the first clue on his former visit, with his eyes cast down toward the ground as he walked. He did not know

what prompted him to do so, but he walked till within a few feet of the marked tree, when he found the missing paper that contained the drawing referred to. This rude sketch indicated the way to remove the stone. It had dropped out of his pocket unnoticed by him. Eagerly grasping it he returned to the excavation.

After repeated efforts he succeeded at length in moving the rock, when it swung easily to one side, by an ingenious automatic movement, revealing a flight of rude stone steps that led into a cave. Descending, he found himself in a cavern "as dark as Egypt," and although he strained his eyes to pierce the darkness, the gloom was impenetrable. He tried to grope his way, but as he concluded that that might be attended with danger, he desisted until he could procure a light. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he could see that he was in a large chamber, but of this he could get no well-defined idea.

CHAPTER X

THERE was anxiety in the camp at the springs, for Clara had not returned, and it was getting dark. Mrs. Brown, Clara's mother, asked her husband if he had not better go in search of her, expressing fears that she might be lost.

"Clara has never been in this part of the country before," she said, "and may have lost her bearings, and be going away from the camp. If so, she may have to remain in the woods all night, or possibly be destroyed by some wild beast."

Dr. Brown replied that he thought Clara was in no danger. He had implicit confidence in her good judgment as she had been with him on many hunting expeditions before, and never had any trouble in finding her way back.

Dr. Brown had brought his family to Newton Springs, hoping to improve the health of his wife, who had been an invalid many years. Our fair hunter, who had disappeared so mysteriously, was the young lady in question. Dr. Brown was a wealthy gentleman from Lexington, Ky., whose wife had been a belle of that city, an only child of doting and wealthy parents, and had received every advantage that wealth and refined society could bestow.

Dr. Brown had been reared in Louisville. He,

too, was an only child, the son of a wealthy father, whose wife had died when Dr. Brown was an infant. The Doctor and his wife had first met while he was attending the University at Lexington, where, after graduating and having studied medicine, he located for the practice of his profession. He had been phenomenally successful, and in a short time had built up a very lucrative practice. After becoming established in his profession he married Miss Clay, a distant relative of Henry Clay. In less than a year after Clara was born Mrs. Brown's parents both died. This shock was so great that her health became greatly impaired, and Dr. Brown feared she would soon follow them to the grave. After weeks of anxious watching,—weeks during which she seemed to be hovering between life and death, she began slowly to improve. As soon as she was able to travel, the Doctor took her to Colorado and then to California, and since then had traveled with her every year, visiting many health resorts, both in American and foreign countries.

Having been advised to try Hot Springs, Dr. Brown did so, but with only partial success. He had tried nearly everything else, and was considering a rustic life in the hills of Arkansas, when he was told about the Newton Springs, which in an early day had been somewhat noted as a health resort; but, since the advent of railroads, other springs that were more accessible were patronized and these had been forgotten. However, Dr. Brown decided to try them, and having purchased several tents and the necessary

camping outfit, pitched his tents at the place where we found them.

Clara had been trained to use a gun ever since she was a child, and could now successfully compete with noted marksmen. The night, it seems, had caught her some distance away from camp, but she was as unerring as a carrier pigeon, and after singing the song referred to, she started for home. She met only one person while on this jaunt, the son of one of the hill farmers.

She had reached the public road and was journeying homeward when she met the youth. He was almost as much surprised as if he had met a white bear, and was turning his horse out of the road to pass her, when Clara accosted him and asked if he could tell her the distance to Newton Springs. He stopped, and his hand went involuntarily to his hat, which he took off hurriedly as he attempted to reply. But the girl's sudden appearance had taken his breath away, and after hesitating a moment he finally stammered:

"I ain't been a-livin' in these parts but a little while and I ain't hearn tell of them thar Springs what you are axin' about, and I cain't tell you how fur they is."

The fellow, notwithstanding his ignorance and lack of culture, had a good heart and was naturally gallant. Jumping off his pony, he said:

"Be you a new-comer? Is you lost? Ef you will ride my hoss I will help you to find them thar Springs."

Clara thanked him and said this was the first time she had been in this part of the country, but that she was not lost, and knew the Springs were not far away, and as she was accustomed to walking and was not tired she would find her way without troubling him.

Then her companion, recovering somewhat from his embarrassment, became talkative, and told her that he lived about four miles from there, and had been there about four years; that his father had four boys and four girls; that his father had died about four years ago, and had given each of his boys four horses, and each of his girls four cows. They were all living at the same house, but cultivated different parts of the farm. Each of them had four acres of corn, and four acres of cotton.

Clara thanked him for the information, and told him that as he had so much further to go than she did, she would not detain him; then, bidding him good-evening, dashed into the woods in the direction of the camp, and was lost to view before he could say anything more. He was so bewildered that he had to rub his eyes and even pinch himself to see if he were dreaming. How long he stood there after Clara had gone, he had no means of knowing. He had been to the circus and had seen pretty women in fancy costumes, doing fancy horseback riding, and he had thought it wonderful; but he had never seen anything that so charmed him as Clara did. Was it a dream, or had he seen a fairy? He had heard of fairies, possibly this was one, and if he should fol-

low it, he might be led to his doom. There is no telling how long he would have stood there, if he had not been rudely shaken by his pony, which became frightened at a wild animal of some kind. Aroused thus, the youth hastily mounted his pony and rode home as rapidly as possible.

CHAPTER XI

WHEN Clara left the public road and darted into the woods, she went in a due westerly course toward the Springs. After walking nearly a mile she knew that she must be nearing the camp, and slackened her pace, and was singing a verse of one of her favorite songs at the time the conversation referred to between her father and mother took place. Her father heard her, and gave a shrill whistle to let her know where he was. In another moment she was in the arms of her mother, and while they ate supper, which was ready on her arrival, she recounted the adventures of the day.

Jim Fenton (that was the name of the young farmer) hardly knew how or when he got home, but it was evidently a short time after dark. He did not tell any one what had occurred, but declined supper and then retired,—not to sweet repose, however. He tossed upon his bed all night long, and Morpheus could not be induced to come to his relief. His happiness was gone. He could think of nothing but the fairy he had seen. The next morning he arose early, saddled his pony, and rode off, determined to find the object of his regard.

Jim rode on until he came to the farmhouse nearest where he had seen Clara the evening before, and

there he inquired if there was such a place in the neighborhood as Newton Springs. Having received an affirmative reply, and being told how to find the place, without making his intentions known, he went in search of Clara. Arriving at the springs, he first met Dr. Brown, and in as polite a manner as possible told the doctor of his experience of the evening before, and the object of his visit. Clara, hearing him, came out of the tent just at that time. She noticed a basket on his arm, and supposed he had something to sell; but addressing her, he said:

"Bein' as I was a-comin' this way, I fetched you some apples and peaches."

Clara took them and thanked him. She found them very fine, superior to any she had ever seen in her native state or in her travels.

Jim told Clara where to find game of different kinds, and where the best fish could be had, and gave her much desirable information about the country.

After this first visit Jim came every day and brought fruit, eggs, butter, milk, honey, and such other things as he thought would please the object of his adoration. She had been very successful in her raids on the forest, and kept the table supplied with game. Jim, although infatuated with Clara, never made himself offensively attentive, and was courteous and modest at all times. The girl grew to like him; she enjoyed his company and appreciated his assistance, but beyond that had no thought of him. Clara was not selfish, but, like most girls, was fond of re-

ceiving attention from the opposite sex,—as she had been accustomed to it,—and was therefore only accepting from Jim attention that she regarded as due her. Dr. Brown tried to pay him for the supplies he brought, and for the service he rendered, but soon saw he could not offer to do so without offending the swain. Upon finding that he would not be permitted to pay for them the Doctor tried to decline receiving them, but there he met with equal difficulties.

CHAPTER XII

THE history of Spain's early possession in the territory embraced in southern Arkansas and northern Louisiana is not very complete, but it is reported that records in Madrid show that Spain at one time occupied this part of the country with a force of several thousand soldiers, who were hunting for gold and silver; and that they discovered and worked valuable mines near where the present capital of Arkansas is located. This history is supplemented by tradition, which claims that after working the mines several years, and having shipped large quantities of gold and silver to Spain,—though continually harassed by the savages surrounding them,—the soldiers were finally surprised by the Blackhawks, a strong and ferocious tribe of Indians, and were utterly annihilated, leaving buried in the mines large quantities of the precious metals that were ready for shipment.

Charles Fosdick,—who had been invited by Clara Brown to visit the springs,—and a friend arrived in the city of Little Rock at the appointed time, with letters of introduction to Will (son of our friend Mr. Crockett, and whom we will hereafter call Willie). They made known the object of their visit,—an attempt to solve the mystery connected with

the Fosdick's mining property,—and learned from him that Mr. Crockett was probably in the vicinity of the mines which they were to examine, and which were, too, not far from the springs where Dr. Brown and his family were camping. They procured bicycles, and all three went out to the springs the next morning.

Clara, having received notice of their coming, was up bright and early looking for them when they rolled in sight. She greeted Charles cordially, and after his two friends had been introduced and all had been presented to Dr. and Mrs. Brown, they partook of a hearty breakfast.

It was arranged that the men should leave their wheels at the camp and that Clara should accompany them, and then they would go through the woods and try to find Mr. Crockett; then, after finding him, all of the party would hunt for the lost mine.

They reached the public road near the spot where Clara had first met Jim, and were fortunate in finding Mr. Crockett there, walking leisurely, involved in deep thought, for he was still trying to solve the mystery connected with the cave. He had just procured candles and matches and was proceeding to the cave for the purpose of exploring it.

Charles explained the object of their visit, and how interested he felt in the matter, so Mr. Crockett, after enjoining secrecy, told his visitors what he had done, of the discoveries he had made, and of his intention to investigate it further.

When the party reached the scene of his labors Mr. Crockett was the first to enter the excavation, and descended into the cave, followed by his companions. Having lighted a candle, they examined the place, which was a large chamber, apparently about twenty feet square, with a ceiling fifteen feet high, which sparkled as if set with diamonds. The floor was level and looked as if it had been constructed by an artisan, being paved with smooth stones, though of irregular sizes. In one corner stood two old carbines and five or six Indian bows, with a number of arrows pointed with flints. A miner's pick and shovel stood against the wall, and a pair of heavy boots, moldy from age, were on the floor close by. There were also the remains of a rude table, two or three benches, and several large stones that had evidently been used in the place of chairs.

Clara and Willie, being more impulsive than the rest of the party, had examined every part of the chamber with the view of finding, if possible, a passage leading further,—into another chamber. At first their efforts met with no encouragement, but on picking up one of the carbines, Willie let the muzzle of it fall heavily against the wall as he supposed, which sounded as if it were only a thin partition of iron, but which, on closer inspection, he found to be an iron door securely fastened by some kind of rude but stout lock. However, the lock had no key to it. A careful search was made in every nook and corner, to see if the key were not con-

cealed somewhere in the room, but without success. Willie then took the miner's pick and gave the door a severe blow, hoping thereby to loosen or break it down, but it was firm and unyielding.

After a long and fruitless search for the key, or some way by which an entrance might be effected, they were about to give up the attempt to open the door until they could secure necessary tools for making a key,—indeed, some of the foremost of the party had already emerged from the excavation, and all had left the cave but Clara and Willie,—when Clara noticed that one of the stones of the floor seemed to move slightly as they walked over it. Stopping, she called Willie's attention to it, and after examining it they found it possible to remove the stone. So, seizing the pick, they pried up the rock, and to their great delight found the key concealed beneath it.

Just as Willie and Clara had secured the key and were returning to the iron door to open it, they were suddenly enveloped in total darkness. The other members of the party had ascended from the excavation, and had walked off, discussing the discovery; therefore they did not notice that Willie and Clara were still in the cave. And now the large stone that had covered it slipped and swung back into position, effectually imprisoning the young people in a cavern devoid of light. They did not know what had occurred, and called loudly to the others for a candle, but failed to make themselves heard.

Groping their way, with some difficulty they at

length succeeded in finding the rough stone steps on which they had descended, but could not see a ray of light nor hear a sound. They ascended to the top of the steps near the entrance, and there they ascertained that the rock had securely locked them in. It was impossible to remove the rock and equally impossible to make any one hear them, though they yelled at the top of their voices.

Concluding that it was merely a piece of mischief being practiced on them by the other members of the party, whom they supposed would soon return and release them, Willie and Clara sat down at the foot of the steps and waited patiently, in the meantime discussing their discovery and the possibility of other discoveries that might be made when the iron door should be unlocked.

Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and no one came to release them. Willie again ascended to the top of the steps and listened for some time, but heard nothing. He then yelled again as loud as he could, but the sound of his voice did not ascend above his head, and only its echo in the cave came to mock him.

CHAPTER XIII

AN hour passed, during which time the imprisoned pair talked, laughed and sang, but no one came to their relief. The fact that they were by some mischance prisoners began to dawn upon them, and then the thought that they might be compelled to remain there all night startled them. Then came the thought: what if the stone had got fastened so that their friends could not remove it, and they should be forced to remain there two or three days, without food or water? They might not be missed,—or rather their absence from the party and the camp would not cause any alarm before night,—for Clara was often away all day, not returning until dark; and as Charles and George would return to the city that afternoon by themselves (Willie having intended visiting in the country for a week or two, while Mr. Crockett might find it necessary to go to the city to have a key made) all might depart and no one be alarmed because of their absence, until night, when Clara should fail to return to the camp. And even then her parents would not know where to look for her, as they knew nothing of the cave.

Mrs. Brown, alone in her tent that evening, was oppressed by a sense that something was wrong when Clara remained absent beyond her usual hour for

returning, and this feeling grew on her to such an extent that she became alarmed and called Dr. Brown,—who was engaged in doing chores about the camp,—telling him of her fears. Dr. Brown tried to reassure his wife by calling attention to the fact that Clara had often been out later than this. But Mrs. Brown answered:

“Something tells me that Clara is in distress, and I fear that something awful has happened to her. Possibly some wild beast has torn her to pieces, or she may be lost in the woods and cannot find her way to the camp.”

A hundred things that might have happened to Clara came into her mind, until she became so distressed that she was almost frantic. While Dr. Brown felt uneasy, and could not account for his wife's impressions and Clara's absence, he tried to be courageous and to cheer her with the hope that their daughter would return in a few minutes.

Leaving Mrs. Brown, he started in search of his daughter. After going out a short distance from the tent, he listened to hear her singing, as she frequently did on approaching camp, or to hear her gun, as she might shoot a squirrel while seeking its nest for the night. But he heard nothing save the final notes of a bird as it nestled down for the night, closing its eyes in sleep; the chirp of the mountain cricket as it came from its hiding-place, or occasionally the croaking of a frog, in a small pond below the spring. Presently a whip-poor-will was heard in the distance, and one by one the katydids began their

dismal cadence, and the night in all its solemn loneliness spread its dark pall over the broad land.

Dr. Brown could hear his own heart beat and his breaths went and came in quick succession as he stood there in that oppressive silence and contemplated the awful fate that might have befallen his only child. He never knew how long he stood there listening for the sound of his daughter's returning footsteps. It might have been only a few minutes, but it seemed hours to him, when he was startled by the scream of a night-hawk perched in a tree top very near him. It screamed three times in quick succession. He had never heard one before, though he had heard of the panther's cry, which, according to his information, was similar to this. When a child he had heard the old darkies say: "Panthers travel up the creek, and go to the house where some one is going to die."

Presently Dr. Brown heard a screech-owl utter its cry immediately over his tent, and a dog howled away off on the hill at a neighboring house. All of these sounds had been said to be omens of the death of some one. He had never been superstitious, but under the circumstances they attracted his attention, and taken in connection with his wife's premonitions, he was more than usually disconcerted.

What should he do? Where was he to look for his missing daughter? Who could he summon to his assistance in making a search for her? were questions that forced themselves upon him, and burned in his brain. That something must be done at once, he well knew.

During this time Mrs. Brown was in her tent in great distress of mind, and when her husband entered she readily assented to his suggestion that he would go to their nearest neighbor,—about a quarter of a mile distant,—and get his assistance in hunting for Clara.

When Dr. Brown arrived at the place and made known his errand, the man who lived there, a whole-souled Irishman, responded with alacrity, and called Jim Fenton, who was stopping there for the night, so he could be near Clara, for having heard that she had company that day, he would not venture to the camp. On learning that Clara was missing, Jim rushed to the stables, and procuring a horse, was away before Sampson, the Irishman, could decide what was best to do.

Dr. Brown and Sampson followed Jim, who started on the road in the direction of the place where he had first met Clara, thinking it possible he might find her somewhere in that vicinity. Arriving at the place, he dismounted and examined the dust in the road for tracks. The full moon was now high in the eastern heavens and shining brightly, making the night almost as light as day, so that if there were any tracks they could be plainly seen.

Very soon Dr. Brown and Sampson came up and, without asking any questions they divined what he was doing. They, too, dismounted and assisted him in the search for tracks. Jim's eyes were naturally good, and being intensely in earnest, he could now have seen even the tracks of a bird. He saw where

a serpent had crossed the road, and also the tracks of a buck as he sprang across the dusty space. Presently he found a number of tracks, which, though partially obliterated, showed that the party had crossed the road, going east in the morning. He succeeded by careful examination in ascertaining from the difference in the footprints that there were four in the party, and that one of them was evidently a woman; but he failed to find any returning tracks.

Going on about fifty yards further, Jim discovered the tracks of two men going west. Knowing that Charles and George had returned without other companions, he understood these footprints to be theirs. He dashed into the woods in the direction from which the tracks indicated they had come, hoping he might find there some clue to the missing girl, and was immediately followed by Sampson and Dr. Brown. All three made a diligent search for hours, but they found no one. They came upon the excavation, but seeing it was only about four feet deep, and having heard nothing of the cave, they had no idea they were so near the object of their search.

Sampson jumped into the excavation to make sure that nothing had been neglected. Finding a solid rock bottom to it, he said:

"Begorra! They're not afther fallin' through this rock. Mebbe they's been afther elopin', and have taken their lave of the country."

Dr. Brown was indignant that any one should

make such a suggestion in regard to his dutiful daughter, and said:

"Something has happened that compelled her to stay away against her wishes." The three searchers sat there fully five minutes, discussing the next step to be taken. Jim called their attention to the fact that they had not been to any of the houses in the neighborhood, and informed Dr. Brown that there were several of these not far off. Thereupon they decided that they would go to the nearest one together, and then separate and go in different directions, enlisting the people they found to assist in making the search. They did this, and the next day there were fully fifty men, women, and children scouring the country in every direction for some sign of the lost girl.

Meanwhile, George and Charles had arrived in the city, where Charles found a telegram from his father awaiting him. It contained only these words:

"Come home on first train. Important."

No reason was given for summoning him so soon. Charles knew his father would not send such a message unless something urgent required his presence.

He and George ate supper in silence and then Charles wrote a short note to Dr. Brown informing him of the telegram, writing also to Clara to the same effect, expressing regret at being called home so suddenly.

Mr. Crockett arrived in the city in the afternoon,

intending to have the key made and return to the country immediately, but he found Alice with a high fever, so he remained at home until the next day.

During this time the search for the missing girl and boy had been vigorously prosecuted, but without success. A large number of people were scouring the country in every direction, but they failed to find any trace of Willie Crockett and Clara Brown.

CHAPTER XIV

IN due time Charles and George reached Cincinnati entirely unconscious of the fact of the disappearance of Clara and Willie, and of the search being made for them. They found Mrs. Fosdick had been dangerously injured in an accident, which was the occasion of the telegram to Charles calling him home. The crisis in her case had passed, however, and she had taken a turn for the better,—indeed, was now rapidly improving. Mrs. Jones and Grace had been faithful and efficient nurses, giving her loving and devoted attention, and doing everything in their power for her.

Now, to go back a little:

After Charles rescued the business papers of Mr. Jones from the furnace of the bank where they came so near being destroyed, he took them to his office, intending to examine them carefully and ascertain if they were not valuable. He did not believe that a thoughtful, prudent business man,—as Mr. Jones was said to have been,—would have left his family destitute. That evening after supper Mr. Fosdick suggested to Charles that he would like to have him go to Arkansas as soon as convenient, and make a thorough investigation of the silver mines, since he

had given a great deal of his time to the study of minerals, and was very much interested in them.

"I have always been impressed," went on Mr. Fosdick, "with the idea that rich ore could be found there in large quantities, if the mining were done in a scientific manner. The work done there formerly, however, was of a superficial character, and did not properly develop the mines. I believe the prospecting should be done with diamond drills, and that they should go to the depth of several hundred feet. I have heard of the 'Lost Louisiana,'—a fabulously rich mine,—which was worked by the Spaniards in the early days, but the location of which is now in doubt. I believe it is possible that this is the same mine, and I wish you to make a thorough investigation, with the view of ascertaining the facts in the case."

Charles decided to go as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements to do so, and the next morning set about getting ready for the trip, expecting to start in the course of a week or two. He wanted George to accompany him, which his friend readily consented to do, provided they could go at once, as he had an engagement in New York two weeks later, which he wished to keep.

The next morning Charles got a letter from Clara stating that her father had decided to remain several weeks at Newton Springs, and inviting him to visit them, explaining where they were located, and how he could find them. This induced him to make the trip earlier than he would otherwise have done,

for he knew from the locality of the Springs that they were not far from the mines where he was going. He consequently hastened his preparations, and he and George took the train for Little Rock the next night.

On returning to Cincinnati and finding his mother on the road to recovery, Charles commenced examining the papers of Mr. Jones and found several receipts for large sums of money paid by Mr. Jones to Colonel Forster, and also a cancelled deed of trust to several pieces of valuable city real estate; also a deed to 320 acres of land in Colorado. Among these papers were some mining stocks and notes for various amounts, due him from different persons. He also found some insurance policies on Mr. Jones's life, aggregating thirty-five thousand dollars.

Charles came to the conclusion that Mrs. Jones had been unfairly dealt with, indeed, he was now fully satisfied that there were valuable interests due her,—sums of which she had been deprived all these years. He determined to sift the matter to the bottom, and, if possible, put her in possession of what was justly due her. He told his father of what he had found and of his suspicions in the matter, and was advised by him to consult their old attorney, Judge Broadhead, who was famous for his ability in unraveling tangled titles, and who had in the past been successful in restoring to the rightful owners much valuable property.

By appointment, Charles called on Judge Broadhead, and the jurist, having carefully examined all

the papers in question, manifested from time to time great satisfaction at the discoveries made. He said he had known Mr. Jones well, and had been his legal adviser for many years, having himself drawn up some of these papers. He told Charles that they would have to examine the records of deeds and mortgages. So, without delay, they proceeded to the courthouse, and carefully examined the necessary books. Judge Broadhead did not tell Charles what his suspicions were, but after a careful examination of the records, he called his young friend's attention to the deed of trust as recorded, covering the home and valuable property of Mr. Jones, which had not been satisfied, although the original document that he held in his hand was duly stamped and signed by the clerk of the court, as satisfied in full. He then examined the court docket and found that the property had been sold under foreclosure, and bought in by Colonel Forster, who had held the deed of trust to it. It was apparent that fraud had been practiced, and the Judge was fully satisfied that Mr. Jones had paid this claim, and that Forster had taken advantage of the widow's lack of business knowledge and robbed her of her property.

An interview with Mrs. Jones revealed the fact that her husband had died suddenly of apoplexy, and by comparison of dates it was found that he died a few days after he had paid the claim now in possession of Colonel Forster, and for which he supposed the records were satisfied. The deputy whose business it was to do this was now dead, and it was

impossible to ascertain from him the reason why this had not been done. The docket showed that soon after Mr. Jones's death proceedings were instituted to foreclose the deed of trust, and as there was no contest, a decree was easily obtained.

Mrs. Jones said she remembered that some one, whom she learned was an officer, left papers with her, but as this was a few days after her husband's death, when she was greatly distressed in mind, and as she was prostrated for several weeks afterward, the papers had been mislaid and she never gave them any thought, knowing nothing of their importance. The first knowledge she had that her husband's business affairs were going wrong was when an officer came to her a few months later, and notified her that she must give up the house, that it did not belong to her now, but had been sold by order of the court for debts contracted by her husband. Judge Broadhead was in Europe at the time, so she employed another lawyer to look into the matter for her; and this lawyer reported that he found that Mr. Jones owed the money, that the proceedings were all regular, and that she had no recourse but to move out.

About this time Mrs. Jones's agents reported that her business property had been sold by the court, in order to satisfy her husband's obligations, and they would be unable to collect rents for her any longer. The officer returned in a few days and informed her that she must get out of the house within twenty-four hours, or he would be compelled to put her out by force. She had then rented a less imposing house,

and moved into it, giving up the beautiful home to which she had gone as a bride, in which her children were born, and where she had spent so many short happy years with her devoted husband. Now misfortunes were coming thick and fast. She had heard it said, "Misfortunes never come singly," but she had never thought much about it, as her life had been one of unremitting pleasure. After getting settled in her new home, she gave way to grief, and days and weeks passed of which she had but little recollection. She finally began to realize her situation, when the bank informed her that her account was overdrawn, and her check for a small amount was dishonored. She was nonplussed. Without a dollar in the bank, and with no income of any kind, and a family to care for, what was she to do? She could not keep the house she was in, for she could not pay the rent. How she was to pay any rent or buy any food for her children was the distressing problem that must very soon be solved in some way.

She decided to take a smaller and cheaper house, and sell some of her furniture. She did this within a few days, but was compelled to sacrifice the articles disposed of.

She noticed that her friends had not called on her since she moved out of her own home. Even one or two of those who had been most intimate had passed her on the street without recognizing her, but she supposed this was unintentional; and as she was in a hurry at the time, as well as in great mental

distress, she was glad they did not see her. Now, however, that none of them had called on her, she noticed it.

But Mrs. Jones was a sensible woman, and did not go into hysterics on account of this neglect on the part of her former friends. She did not pine over the matter and contemplate suicide, nor did she even complain of their slights. On the contrary, she recognized the fact that most persons in affluent circumstances "worship the golden calf." She knew the loss of her property would change her social relations, and saw that she must go to work at something to enable her to support and educate her children. So she took Grace into her confidence and explained their circumstances to her. Grace was young in years, but she possessed a bright mind, a warm heart, and a full understanding of the situation.

While Grace's education was not complete, she was farther advanced than most girls of her age, and she was really a prodigy in music, being a superior performer on the piano, mandolin, and violin. She and her mother decided to take a cheap cottage in a suburb, dismiss the cook,—the only servant they had retained,—and do all their own domestic work. Mrs. Jones decided to secure some kind of employment, and thought of taking music pupils. Grace was also to get some primary pupils, if possible, and to play the organ in a Sunday school,—if she could find one that would employ her.

Mrs. Jones sold off other pieces of furniture and

carpets that she did not need in her present condition, and having secured a neat suburban cottage with a garden attached, was soon located and ready for work. She now saw the difficulty she would have in procuring pupils, for, being located among the poorer people, there was none in a position to employ her; and then to find a church that used an organ in Sunday school, without going too great a distance for Grace to walk, was another trouble. The pastor of the little chapel in her neighborhood, who was also Superintendent of the Sunday school, was opposed to instrumental music in the church, and a majority of his congregation agreed with him on the subject.

After considerable canvassing from house to house, Mrs. Jones found a few people who promised to patronize her. But after several months of trial, she found her income was not large enough to meet her expenses, so she decided to move down into the city and take a cheap flat. To defray expenses she was again compelled to dispose of other articles of furniture.

Grace now secured employment in a store, and later on the Sunday school she attended employed her to play the organ, paying her fifty cents a week, although it had paid ten dollars a month for similar services to her predecessors. Mrs. Jones also got a few music pupils, and secured sewing from a dress-maker, and in this way managed to get along for a time. Their combined income was barely sufficient,—by exercising the greatest economy,—to sup-

ply food and to pay house rent; so she was again compelled to find a cheaper house, and finally moved into the basement where Charles had found her with the sick child.

CHAPTER XV

WHEN Clara and Willie found they were really prisoners in the cave, they decided to make the best of the situation, and concluded to explore their place of captivity,—if they could find anything with which to make a light. Willie had some matches in his pocket, and struck one so that he could find his way while examining the secret place in the floor, where they had found the key, thinking it possible he might find something there with which to make a light. On removing a thin stone that covered what seemed to be the bottom of a hole, they found an iron box that contained a number of articles, among which was a miner's lamp filled with oil and ready for use. Willie touched a match to it, and was delighted to see it burn as if just prepared. They found a supply of oil, candles, powder, and a compass.

Being now provided with a light, the two young prisoners tried to unlock the door, but as the lock was rusty, it refused to yield at first. After persistent effort, however, they succeeded, and the heavy iron door swung back with a loud creaking noise. Delighted with their success, they immediately passed through the door, and entered the newly found chamber, which was larger than the first one, and more interesting. It had doubtless been used for a

dining-room, as a long table stood in the center of the floor, surrounded by benches for seats. Twenty carbines were standing against the wall, loaded and ready for use. They noticed three doors, besides the one they had entered, leading from the room, one on either side, and one at the farther end. The room was about fifty feet long by twenty in width,—the length being from east to west. The door on the north side was ajar, and opened into a pantry and china closet, which had been well kept, though the "china" was mostly of tin or iron, with which it had been liberally supplied, and with commissary stores, the latter being rendered worthless by age. The door on the opposite side of the room led into a large room with a very high ceiling. This had evidently been used as a kitchen, and in it were a number of kettles, ovens, skillets, and other cooking utensils at the farther end of the room, and a high bank of ashes where the fires had been kept. An old-fashioned crane extended from the wall, blackened with smoke.

Our young explorers were intensely interested in the discoveries made, and being eager to pursue their investigations, went to the door in the east end of the room. This they found was fastened with a heavy padlock, but it yielded to a blow from a sledge hammer, which Willie found in the room, and they had but little difficulty in opening it. They then entered this chamber, which was much larger than the dining-room, and had doubtless been used as a sleeping apartment. It contained a number of rude bunks

covered with blankets, which were in a good state of preservation. There were also several boxes of ammunition, coarse clothing, boots and shoes, candles, a keg of oil, and a mirror.

In a smaller room adjoining,—to which the door was ajar,—there were several wash-basins on a stone bench or shelf. There were three other doors leading from this chamber, but none of them was locked, though all were closed. One of these opened into a room on the north side, which had been used as a library, with a long table in the center, on which several books were lying, as well as two inkstands and several quill pens. A large lamp was suspended from the ceiling in the center of the room, indicating its use.

Willie and Clara had been so interested, and had examined everything so closely, that they took no account of time. They were not tired, sleepy, nor hungry, and supposed they had been there but a few hours, when they were startled by seeing a light in the first chamber, at the foot of the stone steps near the entrance. They soon saw it was Mr. Crockett who had returned from the city with a key and had entered the cave unknown to any one.

He had not seen any one after leaving the city and had not heard that the young people were missing, and knew nothing about the search being made for them. The reader may imagine his surprise, on entering the cave, to see the iron door open and a light in the distance, and one or more human beings there.

His first suspicion was that he had discovered some of the cave dwellers whom he had supposed

were extinct. He screened his light as well as he could and cautiously advanced to ascertain what kind of inhabitants he had found. After approaching within ten or fifteen feet of them, the light shone full in their faces, and he could not believe his senses when he recognized Willie and Clara. He soon joined them and learned how they came to be there. They were in turn surprised when they were informed how long they had been in the cave. Clara knew her parents must be alarmed, and she and Willie left immediately.

It took them but little time to arrive at the camp, and Clara was soon in the embrace of her mother, to whom an explanation was made. Dr. Brown, followed by Jim Fenton, soon arrived, and was greatly rejoiced at finding his lost child safe at home, while Jim left immediately to inform the neighbors that the missing young people had been found.

Left alone, Mr. Crockett continued exploring the cave, and found on opening the door at the east end of the room, where he had found Willie and Clara, a very long and large chamber. In fact, his light did not penetrate to the end of it. It was not finished by the hand of an artisan, but was in its primitive state, with rough walls and floor. He noticed in the walls and ceiling something sparkling, which on investigation he found to be silver ore.

Along and near the southern wall, a roadway had been made on which he could walk with ease, and this led to a rude furnace, where he found numerous boxes and kegs filled with bars of gold and silver

which had doubtless been smelted in the furnace from the ores found in the cave. The road led beyond the furnace to a deep shaft where the mining had been carried on, and near it in the wall was a drift large enough for a man to walk in erect. In this were picks and shovels that the miners had left there many years before. On examination he found the walls, ceiling, and floor of this drift to be studded with large pieces of ore. The drift was at least one hundred feet long, and this he explored to the end, where he found a solid bed of pure silver ore.

While reflecting on this, and planning how he could best utilize his wealth, Mr. Crockett leisurely returned to the chamber that had been used as a dining-room, and while seated there he noticed a door that he had not seen before,—a door in the north side of the room, which after a time he succeeded in opening. It opened into a small room that was entirely empty, though in the opposite side was a door that had been left slightly ajar, and this opened into a chamber about twenty feet square, furnished in better style than any of the rooms he had entered. There were in it an iron bedstead,—which stood near the center of the room,—several chairs, and a mirror. Several pistols lay on a table in the corner, and a number of guns stood against the wall. Some large trunks were also in the room; a writing desk stood under a lamp that was suspended from the ceiling, and everything betokened wealth and the abode of one in authority. A door that led into another chamber was closed, but not locked.

This room he found furnished in elegant style, and was evidently the room of the commander's wife. Glancing around the room, he saw it contained easy chairs, a marble-top table, and other furniture in keeping with these. Across one corner of the room was hung a curtain, making a screen, behind which were ladies' dresses and other belongings. A bed stood in the opposite end of the room, which looked as if just prepared for the sleeper.

Imagine Mr. Crockett's surprise when, on approaching this bed, he saw that it was occupied by a beautiful young woman, sound asleep. He halted and gazed on her features with admiration and astonishment.

"How is it possible," he asked himself, "for this sole occupant to get into the cave? Is this a real living person, or is it a petrified body?"

These were questions that puzzled him. Suddenly he thought he saw her breathe. "Is it possible that there are others occupying unexplored apartments of the cave, and might I not fall into the hands of fierce bandits, who will assassinate me so as to keep their hiding-place a secret?" he queried.

Then he examined his pistol to see if it were loaded and ready for use in case it should be needed, went back to the room he had just come from, and carefully examined the pistols and guns he found there, to ascertain the condition they were in. He noticed that they were of the most primitive pattern and were covered with rust, which convinced

him that they had not been used for a long time.

From his observations of these and other surroundings, Mr. Crockett concluded that the cave had long since been abandoned, and that what he had supposed was a sleeping woman was merely a petrified corpse; so he determined to settle the matter by investigation. Going boldly to the bedside, he put his hand on the brow of the woman, expecting to find it as cold as marble. But he drew it away instantly, for the brow was warm, which convinced him that the lifeblood was actually coursing through the sleeper's veins.

Mr. Crockett was now puzzled to know what to do. After reflecting, he decided to awaken the woman and find out who she was and how she came there. Fearing he might frighten her, he spoke gently, and by that means tried to arouse her; but finding that this did not accomplish the desired purpose, he spoke louder. She simply continued to sleep. He then placed his hand on her brow and gently shook her, at the same time calling aloud to her. The only effect this had was to make her take a deep breath, as one often does after being aroused from sound slumber. She continued to sleep.

Seeing he could not arouse her in this way, Mr. Crockett took hold of the sleeper's hand, at the same time speaking to her; and as he did so he lowered his eyes to the hand, and saw that it was small and shapely, with long, tapering fingers, which were ornamented with rings of rare workmanship, in which large diamonds gleamed.

CHAPTER XVI

JUDGE BROADHEAD took steps to collect the insurance policies and also instituted proceedings in chancery to have the foreclosure on Mrs. Jones's property set aside, and to have the property restored to her. At the same time he brought suit for rents due since she had been deprived of her property.

Charles assisted Judge Broadhead in this legal work, which gave him occasion to call at the residence of Mrs. Jones frequently to get information in regard to her husband and his business, and when doing so, he often met Grace, who, now that her environment was so improved, seemed cheerful, and manifested a most agreeable disposition. Charles at first met her with no other feeling than that he had for any lady. He was fond of the society of women, but had been too much occupied with his studies while at school to give much of his time to society; and since graduating, he had found the society of his mother and sister so pleasant that he had not often sought that of other ladies.

Mrs. Fosdick knew the secret of life was to make home the happiest place on earth, so that her husband and children would prefer it to any other spot. She was particularly amiable and patient, never complaining nor finding fault with any one. If the chil-

dren needed correction she administered it in a gentle but firm manner, never threatening them. She believed in the old admonition: "Be your best at home, in dress, manner and spirit. Life is too short to waste its holy hours in criticism, fault-finding and unkind words and acts. Only a few brief years do family circles remain unbroken by the invasion of marriage, removals, or deaths; and if our retrospect of time spent together is to be a precious memory, let its hours be filled with all that is loving and generous and noble."

She fully endorsed the sentiments of the poet when he said:

"If you have a kind word, say it,—
Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest;
If you owe a kindness, pay it,—
Life's sun hurries to the west."

Grace and May soon became devoted friends, and as they were often together at the home of one or the other, Charles had frequent opportunities for seeing his sister's friend and learning more of her character. He sometimes accompanied her home in the evening, and was interested to find that she possessed intellectual attainments of a high order, and that her manners were charming. He soon discovered that he sought opportunities to be with her, and that when she was absent, she occupied much of his thought. All at once the truth came to him: he had grown to love her as he had never loved before.

Grace suddenly grew distant, and her visits to May less frequent, usually being made at times when

Charles was away from home. She did not know exactly why this was so, for she liked him, and always found his society very agreeable. Charles was becoming famous as a public speaker and his services were in great demand, so much so that he was necessarily absent from home a great deal. The financial question was the main issue in the then political campaign, and he was so much interested in it,—because of the distressed condition of the people,—that he devoted nearly all of his time to their interests. The people all over the North, West and South had become aroused as never before in the history of the nation, and by large majorities expressed themselves in favor of a change in the financial policy of the government.

The Fosdick mansion was the scene of a brilliant reception early in July, as Charles had returned from a campaign in an adjoining state, and intended taking a few days' rest at home. The beauty and chivalry of the city were present. Among them was Hattie Forster, who, naturally very pretty, was unusually attractive on this occasion, being attired in a most elegant and becoming costume, her person adorned with costly jewels. She was the center of attraction for a number of admirers, receiving the homage usually bestowed on the queen of beauty and fashion. Under the circumstances, one would suppose she must be happy, but not so now; for she failed to receive the attention from Charles that she desired.

Charles had spoken to Hattie on her arrival, and had made a few courteous remarks, but, beyond this, had given her but little attention. While he treated all with due courtesy, he was too honest and candid to have much regard for a person so selfish and heartless as he knew Hattie to be. He danced with quite a number of the guests, but not with her. She noticed this and was troubled about it. She also noticed that he danced twice with Grace, though she did not know who Grace was at the time. Although dressed in a plain costume and with but a single piece of jewelry,—a small pin at her throat,—Grace was decidedly the most attractive of all the ladies present. Hattie envied her the praise she heard bestowed upon her, and when she saw Charles give Grace more attention than he did any one else, she became so jealous that she resolved to have revenge in some way.

The opportunity came. Hattie chanced to hear some one speaking of Grace, complimenting her beauty and graceful manners, and learning that she was the daughter of a poor widow, she felt jealously indignant because of the attention she excited, and especially on account of Charles' devotion. It all at once began to dawn upon her mind that she had seen her before. On learning Grace's name, she was convinced that her innocent rival was the same person she had frequently seen enter the basement in front of her home. Seeking an introduction to Grace, when she was surrounded by a number of admirers,

—Charles being one of them,—Hattie, after greeting her said:

“Oh, I think I have seen you before! You live in the basement in front of my home; I would not have known you, since you are so changed in appearance.”

Grace knew what kind of person Hattie was, and knew that she made these remarks for the purpose of injuring her, and because of jealousy, but she replied in an amiable and dignified manner, saying:

“Because of misfortunes I did live there for a time with my mother, sister, and brother, but notwithstanding we had lost our property and were in straitened circumstances, we lived honestly and tried to lead Christian lives; and we have been greatly blessed.”

This reply was made in such a frank, honest, natural, and graceful spirit, that the young girl won the hearts of all who heard her. Hattie saw the mistake she had made, and turning, walked away, feeling very much annoyed at her discomfiture. The incident had won friends for Grace, whereas Hattie had lost some of hers. Charles saw Hattie's motive, but did not allude to it. He had felt interested in Grace before this, but now he was aware of the fact that she was the one he loved above all others. She was more beautiful, more graceful, more amiable, and more intellectual than any other girl of his acquaintance. In fact, she was his ideal; he found that he was never so happy as when with her, and he

resolved to declare his love to her and ask her to become his wife.

Hattie went home very much disappointed and dissatisfied with the turn matters had taken that evening, and more determined than ever to get revenge in some way. She could not sleep for thinking about her failure. For several days she was morose, and disagreeable to every one. She then took her father, who had always doted on her, into her confidence, and told him who her rival was, and how Grace had been received at the party, and of her own discomfiture.

Colonel Forster turned red with rage, and then, reflecting on the wrong he had done the widow and the orphans in robbing them of their property, and the recent proceedings in court against him to recover it, he became pale with fear. He saw the "Handwriting on the wall," and, like Belshazzar of old, he trembled. He knew that the beautiful residence he was now occupying did not belong to him, that it would doubtless be restored to Mrs. Jones, the rightful owner. He also remembered that he had defrauded the government, and he dreaded a prosecution on that account. As has been said: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." He therefore actually hurried out of the presence of his daughter and locked himself up in the library, and there walked the floor for hours. Hattie did not know what to think of her father's conduct; as he had always been very considerate of her, sympathizing with and advising her in her little troubles. She noticed

that he changed color when she had mentioned Grace and told him who she was and how she had been received at the party.

After hours of anxious thought and fear, contemplating his downfall, which he saw was inevitable, Colonel Forster came from his retreat; but he could not bring himself to tell Hattie of his troubles.

CHAPTER XVII

JUDGE BROADHEAD showed the court that fraud had been practiced in the foreclosure of the lien on Mrs. Jones's property, and notwithstanding Forster's engaging of the ablest counsel he could secure, the court did not take much time in deciding the case in favor of the widow, not only restoring all her property but giving her a decree awarding her all the rents Forster had received, and compelling him to pay rent for the residence ever since he had deprived her of it.

Forster did not yield readily, but a legal battle was fought over every inch of the ground. He concealed his defeat from his family as long as possible, only telling his wife of it when an officer of the court came to eject him from the residence. Although hardened in crime, for he was guilty of many wrong acts,—having been oppressive and overbearing all his life,—he broke down, and burying his face on his wife's bosom, he wept like a child.

After the court had compelled him to disgorge that of which he had robbed Mrs. Jones, he was practically penniless. He had lived extravagantly and had incurred many obligations that he was now unable to meet. His mortification was so great that he decided to leave the city, and was preparing to

go where he was not known, when an officer of the federal court arrested him; for the recent trial had disclosed the fraud he had practiced under his contract with the Government in supplying the army with beef many years before.

Although Forster had had many friends when he was possessed of the widow's property and money, now that he was compelled to give up both, they deserted him, and being unable to give bond, he was placed in prison for safe-keeping.

Creditors attached his household effects and all of his personal property that could be found, and his wife and daughter were compelled to take cheap quarters in a quiet part of the city where they were not known. This blow was so great to Hattie that she was prostrated with fever, and lay in an unconscious condition for several weeks, and her physician said that, even should she recover, there was danger of her becoming insane.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHILE fighting the legal battle that was to make Forster restore the widow's property, Charles and Judge Broadhead were pushing the claims against the insurance companies. They also investigated the stocks and mining claims found among the papers, and discovered that dividends had been earned on these stocks, amounting to more than one million of dollars, which had been deposited in bank awaiting the owner. They also found that the land referred to had become very valuable. The insurance companies finally compromised the claim against them by paying the face of the policies, the claim for interest being waived.

When Mrs. Jones was informed of her good fortune, and that Forster had been ejected from her house and subsequently arrested, she did not manifest any pleasure, but, on the contrary, declared her sympathy for him and his family.

Grace and Charles, by request, superintended the furnishing of the mansion, and fitted it up in magnificent style, in keeping with the means at command. Mrs. Jones was somewhat reluctant to leave the little cottage and abandon her quiet, peaceful life, even to move into so elegant a mansion; for she knew that

she would soon be surrounded by a swarm of sycophants who would worship her now for the wealth she possessed.

She had not long been installed in her new home when some ladies, who had passed her by unnoticed after the loss of her property, called to see her, and were very gracious in their manner toward her, now that she had ample means at her command.

Mrs. Strange (wife of the doctor) was the first of these ladies to call, though she had been the first to cut the acquaintance of Mrs. Jones after her misfortunes. She came rushing in, as was her style, and threw her arms around Mrs. Jones, saying:

"Why, my dear woman, I am so glad to see you! Where have you been all this time; you must have left the country or buried yourself. You have no idea how I missed you. I love you as I do my own sister, and have been grieving because I could not find out where you had gone. Do tell me all about yourself, and where you have been and why you left us so unceremoniously, never giving a person the opportunity to tell you good-by. Do promise me that you will never leave us again! I know you have had a pleasant time, for you are looking so well,—not a day older than when I saw you last. Where are those dear children? I must see them,—the dear little things!—but they must have grown ever so much in this time."

She went on in this strain for half an hour, scarcely giving Mrs. Jones an opportunity to say a word. After a lengthy call, when taking her leave, she put

her arms around Mrs. Jones again, pressed her to her bosom and said:

"Now, my sweetheart, you must come to see me right soon. I hardly know how to leave you, after having been separated from you so long. You know I would do anything in the world for you."

Then, just as she left, she took occasion to say: "I am glad Forster has come to the end of his rope, I always knew he was a villain. He will get his just deserts now. That wife of his was too coarse for anything. Just to think, that butcher's wife tried to force herself into respectable society, because her husband had some money,—and stolen money at that! And that daughter of hers is a silly, ignorant, bad-mannered thing. I am glad they are gone; I never did have much use for them."

As she walked off, she threw a kiss to Mrs. Jones, entered her carriage, and was driven to the residence of Mrs. Crocker, the banker's wife. She had hardly exchanged greetings with her hostess when she said:

"Well, Mrs. Crocker, have you heard the latest news? I am prepared to astonish you. Just to think, that Jones woman who we used to tolerate while her husband was living, but who suddenly disappeared after his death, has recently come into possession of a great deal of wealth, and has moved into the elegant Forster residence. I don't know how she got it, but it came all at once, somehow. I understand some of it was for life insurance. She is so recently out of the slums and cellars of the city that one can al-

most imagine she smells of them yet, but I suppose we will have to tolerate her, and let her into our circle. She has plenty of money, and after bathing and dressing decently for a while, we may manage to forget that she is just from the cellars. Poor Colonel Forster had to lose his elegant residence! It is too bad; he was such a jolly good soul; and his wife and daughter were such charming people! They knew how to spend money. I suppose that place will be like a graveyard now, compared with what it was in the Forsters' time."

That morning she paid several calls at the homes of "ladies of her circle," as she called them, and indulged in about the same strain of chatter as just repeated.

Soon after Mrs. Strange left Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Stead called. She was another of the former friends that had dropped her when she lost her property. She greeted Mrs. Jones as if there had never been a break in their social relations, but talked as if she had been accustomed to seeing her every day. She never alluded to her absence from society, nor to her good fortune in regaining her property, but chatted away as if everything had gone on in the same regular channel during the intervening years.

Mrs. Jones was kept busy a great deal of the time receiving callers, many of them the persons she had known, and who had been on her visiting list in years gone by. Some, however, were new acquaintances,—persons she had never met before. Mrs. Jones knew that all these visits were in the main because of her

acquisition of property and not because of any real love for her; but she was too amiable and refined to treat any one unkindly or discourteously in any way. She had learned a good deal about human nature during these seven years of adversity that she had just passed through, and now she was having these lessons confirmed. Mrs. Fosdick, May, and Charles she knew to be her real friends, because they had befriended her when she was in sore distress,—when there was not the shadow of a prospect of her recovering her property.

Society and its shams held no appeal to Mrs. Jones. Now that she was in possession of ample means, she resolved to use it for good purposes. She, therefore, sought out the poor and sick and needy, and relieved their distress as far as it lay in her power. Among the first to receive her attention were Forster and his family. She knew he was in prison awaiting his trial, but his wife and daughter were so mortified because of their downfall that they had disguised and secluded themselves, so that they were hard to find. Mrs. Jones persevered, however, until she found them living in a cheap tenement house in a suburb of the city. Having located them, she was too kind and thoughtful to intrude upon them,—for she knew that would be embarrassing to them in their changed conditions,—so she ascertained through one of their neighbors what their needs were, and supplied their wants, without letting them know the source.

CHAPTER XIX

WHEN Mr. Crockett saw he could not awaken the "sleeping beauty" whom he found in the cave, he quietly retreated, and sitting down in an adjoining chamber, he gave himself up to studying the situation,—trying to determine what was the best course to pursue. He thought about his efforts to keep his discovery a secret, but decided that the best thing for him to do now was to get the most skilled physician in the city, and to tell him confidentially about finding the sleeping woman, and secure his services to awaken her. He had read "Looking Backward," and the sequel, "Young West," where the characters described had been asleep a long time,—all of which he knew was fiction; but now that he had actually discovered a woman, who, in the very nature of things, had been asleep for many years, he was overwhelmed, and sat in contemplation a long time. One thing that puzzled him very much was that the sleeper was apparently so young, although she must be actually many years old. It seemed that she had remained the same age in appearance as she was when she had gone to sleep. There must be some reason why time suspended his destroying work on this person while asleep. "If I could only dis-

cover this secret," he mused, "it would doubtless be in great demand."

Mr. Crockett had been so intensely interested in his discoveries that he had paid no attention to time,—had no idea how long he had been there,—until his lamp began to grow dim. This reminded him that it was necessary to go back and replenish it with oil. But he had hardly decided to do this, when the light went out, and he was left in total darkness.

He must now grope his way back as best he could, he found, and this proved to be very difficult, as he had not paid much attention to the route by which he had come. He finally, after much wandering and many falls, succeeded in reaching the chamber at the entrance to the cave. On emerging from the excavation, he saw the sun was just rising, and knew from this that he had been in the cave all night.

Mr. Crockett returned to the city, and confiding his secret to Dr. Southern and Dr. Jenkins, he engaged their services for the purpose of awakening the sleeping woman. At first they were disposed to take the matter as a joke, thinking he was merely trying to see how far he could impose on their credulity, but when he insisted that he was in earnest and meant business, assuring them that they would be well paid for their services, they began to doubt his sanity.

"I am an old man," said Dr. Jenkins, "and have been a practicing physician forty years. I have read everything I could find on the subject, but have never heard of anything like this case, except in fiction, and

I don't believe it." Then, after a moment's thought, he continued: "Mr. Crockett, you doubtless think you are stating facts, but it would be absolutely impossible for a person to live so long under such conditions. Besides, if one were to sleep so many years, time would tell on them in personal appearance; yet you tell us that this woman looks as if she were only about twenty years old, though she must have been there more than a hundred years."

Dr. Southern, a younger man, was willing to investigate the matter, and so, the necessary preparations having been made, the trio started on their short journey.

Profound secrecy had been enjoined, and they supposed they could make the trip without attracting attention. But the wide-awake city editor of the *Gazette* had noticed Mr. Crockett's frequent visits to the country, and having heard something about Willie's being lost in a cave, he determined to ascertain what caused these three gentlemen to go together at this time. He plied them with questions, which were all parried, or answered in an evasive manner. He was not satisfied with the interview, however, and disguising himself as a farmer, and procuring a horse, he followed them at a safe distance.

Seeing them drive off the road into the woods, after they had gone eight or ten miles he concluded they were nearing their destination; and riding a short distance farther, he dismounted, hitched his horse, and went through the woods in the direction the other gentlemen had taken. He could follow

them very well, for their carriage made considerable noise, and he came in sight of them just as they stopped. He saw them enter the cave,—which intensely aroused his curiosity,—and he determined at all hazards to follow them there.

Having procured a lamp the two physicians and their guide went at once to the room occupied by the sleeping woman, the reporter following at a distance, so as not to be discovered by them. On reaching the bedside of the sleeper, Dr. Jenkins felt her pulse and examined her carefully, to satisfy himself that she was actually alive. Of this fact he was very soon convinced; he was incredulous, however, about the length of time she had been there.

Mr. Crockett related to him all the facts connected with the case,—so far as he knew them: how he came to hunt for the cave in the first place, the squirrel leading him to find the drawings from which he was influenced to make the excavation, and his success in making the discovery now before them.

Dr. Jenkins and Dr. Southern both examined the patient carefully, and they also examined the furniture in the room and the wearing apparel, all of which were certainly antique. In this search they found a letter addressed to "Isabella Castilla" in care of the commander of the western troops in America,—a letter that was dated "July 4th, 1770, Madrid, Spain." It was written by a mother to her daughter, who was evidently the wife of the commanding officer.

Dr. Jenkins was a good linguist and could read

and speak the Spanish language readily; therefore he had but little difficulty in understanding the letter. This letter, in connection with what he saw surrounding him, satisfied him that the woman had been asleep all these years, or else a huge joke was being perpetrated on him and his *confrère*.

That she was asleep now was not a question. But how to awaken her was the task he was there to undertake. She seemed to be in a normal condition, there being apparently no waste of tissue. Her face had a plump and fresh appearance, and her hair and fingernails were not abnormally long. This was all so unnatural that the doctors were puzzled; they could not understand it.

They tried to awaken her by calling her and shaking her at the same time, but this had no effect whatever. They then procured cold water and bathed her temples, face, and hands; but this did not bring the desired result. They did not think it advisable to administer drugs, fearing these might have a deleterious effect; but, instead, attempted to administer a small quantity of brandy. This did not arouse her, however, though it seemed to flush her face somewhat.

Dr. Southern said he knew there was a theory that whatever produced disease was also a remedy for it, and as some kinds of music produced sleep, it might be possible that it would also awaken a person from sound sleep. Seeing a flute lying on the table, he picked it up and began to play a soft melody. The flute was his favorite instrument, and he

frequently indulged his taste with it when at home, being pronounced a fine performer by his friends.

He played two or three selections, without any apparent effect being produced on the sleeper. Then he remembered an animated Spanish air that was in his repertoire. He played it, with better results, for the sleeper drew a deep breath; but as soon as he ceased playing she relapsed into sound slumber again. Seeing it was impossible to awaken her with a flute, Dr. Southern suggested that a string band might have the desired effect; so they decided to return to the city and either procure a string band and bring it out there or to bring an ambulance and take the woman to the city, where they could have better facilities for treating her and providing for her comfort after being awakened,—if they should be so successful.

They then prepared to leave the cave; and the reporter, to avoid being seen, hurried away and made his exit without being discovered, to be soon followed by the other gentlemen.

They were all very much surprised to find that the sun had gone down, and that night was rapidly approaching. They had gone into the cave in the forenoon, and had no idea that they had been there so long. Dr. Jenkins was the first to speak of it. He said he did not feel tired in the least, and was not hungry. Instead of feeling exhausted, he felt refreshed,—invigorated. He said he had been suffering from rheumatism and asthma for many years, but his pains were now all gone, and he could breathe

with more ease and felt better than he had during the past twenty years. He thought the atmosphere of the cave must be charged with so much oxygen that it produced this beneficial effect. Then, upon this declaration, all agreed that they had never felt better, and that the effect on them was marvelous.

The trio returned to the city under cover of night, supposing their trip to be a profound secret. But, to their great surprise, the next morning the *Gazette* had, with great, flaming headlines, a whole page describing minutely their entire trip, the interior and furnishings of the cave, and all that had been said and done by them while there. It also stated that Mr. Crockett had made discoveries which would make him a wealthy man.

The newspaper article attracted a great deal of attention, and both physicians and Mr. Crockett were plied with questions by every one they met. These gentlemen were greatly annoyed by the exposure, and could not account for it. Each thought the others had given out the information, until they got together and discussed the question.

Mrs. Crockett had occasion to go down into the city that morning, and met a number of her acquaintances, each of whom congratulated her upon the good fortune of her husband. She did not understand it,—as she had not seen the morning paper,—and was at first surprised; but as one after another spoke to her about the article in the paper, she manifested considerable impatience, and replied to all

that she had not seen the paper and knew nothing about it.

The more she thought about Mr. Crockett's keeping this secret from her, the more indignant she became, and hurried home to read the article referred to.

Mr. Crockett informed his wife that what she read in the paper was as much a surprise to him as it was to any one, and he did not know anything about how the article came to be written nor who wrote it; but he admitted that some discoveries had been made and added that he hoped in future they would not be in such straitened circumstances as they had been in the past.

CHAPTER XX

THE political campaign was growing in interest all over the country. The ablest speakers were in demand. Finance was the leading question everywhere, and was discussed in all its phases by everybody, from the bootblack on the street corner to the ablest statesman at the nation's capital.

Charles' services were in great demand, and his was a campaign of popular education, during which he delivered a great many speeches on the question at issue. The plain people everywhere were eager to hear the subject discussed, and after hearing both sides ably presented, generally aligned themselves with the bimetallic cause. It was very plain for them to see that the hard times were produced by striking down one-half of the primary money of the nation, and that the first step toward improvement of the times was to restore silver to its original function, unless new gold mines should be discovered or some other method adopted to increase the amount of money in circulation.

Charles was greatly interested in the condition of the people, and seeing their distress on every side, he devoted his time and energy,—paying his own expenses,—and as a patriot worked early and late, with great earnestness, to bring about the desired change.

He knew the way to do this was to have the voters understand the subject and then to vote intelligently.

The Democratic primaries had been held and had instructed delegates to the national convention to favor the free, unlimited, and independent coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, and to nominate as candidates for President and Vice-President men who could be relied on,—men favorable to this cause.

The national convention met at Chicago and by a large majority, and with great enthusiasm, adopted a platform and made nominations in harmony with these instructions. The nominations were entirely satisfactory to the party all over the country,—with the exception of a few "gold bugs,"—and were recognized as the very best choice that could be made.

People of all political complexions, who favored the silver cause, laid aside all other questions on which they had differed in the past, and joined forces to elect the Free Silver Democratic nominee for President, believing the success of the cause depended upon their united efforts and concentration of forces.

Charles came home for a few weeks' rest, to wait the opening of the campaign for the November election. His fame as an orator had grown so that he was invited to deliver addresses on many important occasions.

Thus, among other distinguished speakers, he was invited to deliver an address on the occasion of laying the corner stone of a large church that was being

built in the city of Cincinnati. Though a young man, Charles had given a great deal of time to studying the Bible and Bible history, and with ample means at his command, he had every facility for acquiring information on the subject. He had a very high appreciation of justice and right, tempered with an exquisitely sensitive and gentle nature that sympathized with all who were oppressed and suffered wrong,—pitying those whose lives were influenced by prejudice or superstition. He was often surprised at men's gross ignorance on religious questions,—men, too, who were recognized as intelligent on other subjects. He accounted for this in some measure by the fact that these men seemed to be ashamed of the religion they professed, and would not take the time and give the thought necessary to a better understanding of the subject.

Charles had an exalted idea of the Divine Ruler of the universe, and worshiped intelligently, showing his love of his Maker by doing unto others as he would that they should do unto him and in loving his neighbor as himself.

The day appointed for laying the corner stone arrived; though midsummer, the weather was pleasant. The occasion had been given extensive publicity, and hundreds of distinguished church people of different denominations had been invited to be present and participate in the ceremonies, which were intended to be quite imposing. For several months, bands of music and a choir of five hundred of the best voices had been in training for the occasion,

and some of the most noted opera singers were present by special invitation.

The grounds were spacious; and the city authorities had consented to have the street in front of the grounds closed, so that there might be no disturbance by passing vehicles. The program was arranged so that the ceremonies were to begin at two o'clock in the afternoon and continue until six.

After preliminary remarks by the master of ceremonies and appropriate music, the distinguished ministers from abroad were to speak first, to be followed by the "home talent." Knowing that the people were eager to hear Charles, because of his fame as an orator, it was arranged that he should be the last speaker.

At the appointed time people came by thousands, until the grounds and streets in that vicinity were packed, the house-tops also being covered with men and boys, and the windows filled with women and children. Every available foot of space was occupied, so anxious were the people to see and hear all that was to be said and done.

Precisely at two o'clock the combined bands struck up and rendered such music as it has seldom been the lot of man to listen to. Then followed the remarks of the master of ceremonies; a fervent prayer was offered by a noted divine; other music was rendered, and the addresses of distinguished speakers were delivered, being interspersed with vocal music. That completed the entire program with the exception of the address by Charles.

Although the people had been crowded together for three hours, and had listened to able and distinguished speakers, when the time came for Charles to speak they pressed closer to the speaker's stand, if possible, so that they might catch every word he should utter.

When he was introduced, and arose to speak, a murmur of satisfaction was heard throughout the entire assemblage.

Before speaking a word, Charles made a gesture, simply a graceful wave of the hand, that produced absolute silence in that large concourse of people. Not even a whisper was heard. He then spoke in a clear, musical voice that was distinctly audible at the most remote point in that vast audience.

He paid a glowing tribute to the speakers who had preceded him; he spoke of the work they had accomplished, of their devotion to the cause they had espoused. He spoke of the civilizing and elevating influence of the Christian religion. Then he said:

"Jesus of Nazareth is the greatest teacher we know anything about. He taught not only by precept, but also by example, His teachings are scientific, and science is truth. No man has ever exerted such an influence on the human race as He has, and the influence of His teaching is spreading, and will doubtless continue to spread until the entire human family will be guided by it. The reason why Christianity has not made greater progress in the past is because so many preachers teach error and superstition for truth, and consequently the church is divided into

hundreds of sects and denominations. If all would teach the same thing, the power of the church would be irresistible. One difficulty that so many preachers and so-called teachers labor under is that they do not read the Bible as they should. Instead of reading it as they should,—and do other literature, and studying it as they do other scientific studies, they attribute to it a sacredness that does not belong there, which clouds their reason and hinders them from seeing the truth. They treat the book, or collection of books, as though it were a complete system, without an error or flaw of any kind, which had been dictated by one master mind for a specific purpose, and which has been miraculously or supernaturally preserved and handed down for our special guidance.

“They lose sight of the fact that the Bible is made up of scraps of history, philosophy, songs, biography, and fable,—fragments written by many different writers in different periods of the world’s history, and in different countries. Also that some of them were written for one purpose and some for another; that some of the writers were good men, while others were not; that these books had been written many years subsequent to the times and incidents they describe, and in many cases, must necessarily be from tradition, and contain many errors and contradictions.

“The New Testament writers doubtless intended to write the facts but they do not all agree in their statements. They were evidently enthusiasts, and in

some cases gave a coloring to the incidents they relate that are not in harmony with reason. The book that we call the Bible, as many of you know, was made up of the writings of different men, and was selected by a self-appointed committee, from a large collection, and some of the writings that were rejected by that committee bear the same evidence of genuineness, from an orthodox standpoint, that these do. In fact the genuineness of more than one of the books in this collection has been questioned by orthodox teachers.

"The Bible, as you know, was not written in the English language, originally, but in several different languages, which are now dead. The translation into our language is faulty, often conveying the religious ideas, or impressions, of the translator, some of which are inclined to paganism.

"I do not wish to disparage the usefulness of this book, nor the good work done by those who proclaim the truths found in it; but what I would do is to have men and women read and study it in the light of reason. I would have men guided by their understanding and not by prejudice and superstition. You all know that God has made this world, and the sun, moon, and stars, which are other worlds and suns, and has made them of such immense proportions, and placed them at such great distances apart, that it is impossible to comprehend their remoteness; that He has made them to move in such perfect order and with such precision that there can be no collision among them, nor a moment of time lost by one of

them. A God, who makes this world to blossom and bring forth its abundant harvests for our use, cannot trifle with man about matters that have an influence on his happiness both in this life and in that which is to come.

"The Creator of all things is supremely good, and creates all things by certain fixed and unalterable laws. He is not partial to one man above another, but is just to all alike.

"God is the father of us all, and created us for our own happiness and for that of one another; and if we are not happy, it is our own fault, and not because God made us otherwise. All men and women could be happy if they would. Most of us have cultivated mental conditions that destroy our peace of mind, and thus render us unhappy. All of our sufferings are brought on by ourselves. The great majority of the human family cultivate selfishness, instead of love for their neighbors. Jesus saw the trouble, and tried to impress on man the importance of getting rid of selfishness, and of cultivating love. He taught His followers that they should take no anxious thought for to-morrow, and said 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' If we will get rid of selfishness, love will grow in our hearts, and make us better, nobler, and happier men and women. We could then endure either hardship or privation and count it all joy, for we know that trials of every kind will contribute to our growth and development, just as the storm helps the trees of the forest.

"If a man would only stop in his mad rush for

wealth and self-gratification, and allow himself to think, he would soon find a way out of his troubles, and get on the highway to happiness. Jesus understood this, and exhorted His disciples to enter into the closet and when the door was shut, to pray in secret. Man must return from the busy world and allow himself opportunity to think. He who does this for the first time will find it very difficult,—in fact, he cannot force himself to think, for this will require time to grow. But if he will persistently retire to a secret spot, where he cannot be interrupted, for at least an hour each day, he will make a discovery, or receive a revelation that will astonish him, and prove of lasting benefit.

“I would not have you discard the Bible because it contains errors, any more than I would have you discard any other history or biography because errors were found in them. The Bible is a valuable book, and furnishes us information that we find nowhere else. But what I would have you do is to read it in the light of reason, and to profit by the truths contained in it. You would not think of going to an apple tree and of eating everything on it, including the green and rotten fruit, and even the leaves. You would exercise your reason, and select the sound, ripe apples. You should do so in reading the Bible or any other book.

“But you say, ‘the Bible was written by inspired writers, and so we must accept it as we find it; we must not reject any part of it. If we accept any part

of it we must accept it all, and if we reject any part of it, we must reject it all.'

"I will ask you how you know that it is inspired? Who told you so? Suppose we admit that it is inspired, does it follow that there are no errors in it? And must you accept it just as you find it,—without investigation or criticism?

"The object of criticism is to determine the value of the thing, and the key to the solution is exercise of judgment and discrimination. If we fail to use these in any instance we are throwing away God's greatest gift to man. Higher criticism only requires you to study the Bible in the same way that you would any other book, use the same means and apply the same tests that you would to discover the truth or error in any other book."

At the close of Charles's address tremendous applause was accorded him, and hundreds of his audience tried to reach him to congratulate him. Even the ministers on the platform shook hands with him and told him they were greatly indebted to him for that address; that they had been greatly benefited by it, and that in future they would find the study of the Scriptures much easier than they had in the past.

There were some, however, who refused to be guided by reason, and denounced the speaker as a rank infidel, saying that it was a pity such men were allowed to live, and if they had the power they would burn him at the stake.

Yet, despite these decriers, this address of Charles

Fosdick's furnished more food for thought than a thousand orthodox sermons; for it set the people to thinking and talking on the subject of religion as never before in modern times.

CHAPTER XXI

AFTER having secured the services of a string band, procured nurses and a suitable conveyance, and made such other arrangements as were necessary, Dr. Jenkins, Dr. Southern, and Mr. Crockett returned to the cave for the purpose of awakening and removing the sleeping woman.

The band, which was stationed in the room occupied by Isabella, rendered several airs of entrancing music, which seemed at first to make no impression on her. But after a time she showed signs of animation and then of returning consciousness. The band had been playing several hours, taking intervals for rest, when she partially opened her eyes and soon thereafter regained consciousness.

The girl was at first surprised, then frightened, at what she saw. She tried to scream, but she could neither utter a sound nor move a muscle. Dr. Jenkins noticed her efforts, and speaking to her in Spanish, told her not to be disturbed, that these were friends, and that she would be cared for.

Having given her nourishment, he cautioned her to make no effort to move, but to remain perfectly quiet. The band continued to play, and it was manifest that the music was beneficial to her, for after a time her strength gradually came, and in a few

hours she was able to talk in a whisper, and then to move her arms. She inquired if she had been sick, and asked where her husband was? Dr. Jenkins assured her she was safe and under the care of friends, and told her that she must not try to talk now, but wait until she became stronger.

In a few hours Isabella had recovered strength enough to speak audibly; but she soon fell asleep again. After an hour, she was awakened by Dr. Southern, for fear she might relapse into her former condition. Being now very much stronger, able to talk more freely, and to sit up, the physicians left her with the nurses, who prepared her for the trip to the city, first requiring her eyes to be bandaged to prevent the light from injuring them.

It was night when they reached the city, and Dr. Southern took his patient to his own home, without attracting the attention of any one.

After taking suitable nourishment, the awakened sleeper slept until the next morning. In a few days she had gained so much strength that she was permitted to talk, when she told her hearers that she had come from Spain as a bride; her husband being an officer in the Spanish army. He had been ordered to America, in command of a body of troops numbering several thousand. He was in charge of a mining and exploring expedition, and had been very successful in finding extensive deposits of gold and silver, large quantities of which precious metals he had shipped to Spain.

"He was preparing another shipment, when I last

remember anything,—that seems only a few days ago. He had been very much annoyed by the savages, who were numerous over all this country, and who frequently killed or captured some of the soldiers."

Isabella Castilla, for that was her name, expressed great surprise at finding a city so near the mines, and said she could not understand the continued absence of her husband, who had always been devoted to her. Dr. Southern told her that she must keep quiet, that she was too weak to talk much now, but in a few days he would permit her to talk freely.

In a short time Isabella was able to walk about the house and among the flowers, of which she was very fond. As she gained strength, she became more beautiful, and with animated expression she would sometimes engage in conversation with her attendants.

One evening Dr. Southern concluded she had so far recovered that he could safely tell her the facts of her finding, and have her tell more of her own history.

He asked her how old she was; and she replied promptly that she would be twenty in a few months; that she was married before she was nineteen, and that she had been in this country only about one year.

"Suppose I should tell you that you are much older than you think you are, what would you say?" asked the Doctor.

"I would say you were mistaken," she replied,

"for I was born in the year 1750 and this is 1770."

"Would you believe me," he said, "if I were to tell you that we are living in the nineteenth century, and that you have been asleep in that cave nearly one hundred and thirty years?"

"Doctor," she cried, "you would not attempt to tease me by telling me anything like that! Besides, it would be so unreasonable that you could not expect me to believe it. You can see I am quite young."

A few days later Dr. Southern found an opportunity to again engage her in conversation regarding herself and her country. He asked her if she wished to send a message by telegraph to her friends in Madrid, informing her that she could do so and get a reply in a few minutes. The girl was incredulous, saying:

"It has always taken several weeks, when the winds were fair, to get letters from home."

To which the Doctor returned:

"We have made great improvements since then. We now send messages by telegraph and cable, these being wires that reach across the land and ocean."

But Isabella could not understand this, as she had never heard of such a thing before. Dr. Southern then explained to her that we had not only telegraph and cable lines, but ships, too, that crossed the ocean in a few days, being propelled by steam; and that we also had railroads all over this country, and steamboats, and telephones, and electric lights,—explaining to her what these were, and their uses. She

was amazed and could hardly believe he was dealing in candor with her. Dr. Southern then told her there were no more savages in this country, but that civilized white people from every nation in the world were living all over this land; that what she knew as a trackless wilderness was now dotted all over with towns, and cities, and farms, and that there were churches and schools everywhere. He explained to her that the troops, including her husband, had been massacred more than one hundred and thirty years ago, and from some cause, which he did not understand, she had been asleep all these years in that cave, and had retained her youth.

At this news Isabella immediately went to her room. She was lonely, bewildered. She did not indulge in a spasm of grief at the intelligence that had come to her, but she remained secluded all day.

A few days later Dr. Southern took Isabella and his wife out driving, and showed her the city with its electric cars; its manufacturing plants, where the machinery was utilized by steam power; the State charitable institutions, heated by steam, and lighted by electricity; also the railroad trains moved by steam, and the steamboats plying the river. This was all wonderful for her to behold.

Isabella inquired if she had not really died, and was now awakened in a new world.

"The church taught me," she explained, "to believe that after death my soul would either go to heaven,—where there would be no work of any kind, and where there would be no night and all that

any one would have to do would be to sing songs and shout praises to the Creator of all things,—or else it would go to a place of torment from which there could be no escape. Everything is so different here from the world I have lived in that I do not understand it.”

Each day brought forth new wonders, and it was a long time before she could be brought to understand her real situation.

Isabella was an unusually brilliant woman, and had been highly educated, not only in Spain but in England, being also familiar with French, German, and other foreign languages. She was also a musician of superior ability, and a landscape artist of some renown in her early life.

As she came to understand the situation better, she expressed some surprise at her own feelings, for she did not grieve at the loss of her husband and friends, who, she now understood, had been dead a long time, but readily adjusted herself to her new environment.

She read the newspapers every day and the new books and magazines, and soon became well informed in regard to modern institutions.

Many prominent scientists and other distinguished persons called to see her, some of whom came from foreign countries. All were charmed with her beauty, intellect, grace, and accomplishments, which were rare indeed.

CHAPTER XXII

THE political campaign came to an end as all such things must, and the Republicans claimed the victory; but the number of votes cast for the regular Democratic candidate, was larger then had ever been given by any party in the past which clearly demonstrated the fact that the people were aroused as never before.

Charles had been an active worker until the election was over, and had made himself felt wherever he went.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Gold and Republican parties had predicted a return of prosperous times after the election of Mr. McKinley for President, times continued to grow worse, and there were more bank failures during the next three months than had occurred in a much longer period before. The business of the country generally was unsatisfactory and the times continued to grow harder for the poor. The almshouses were filled to overflowing with destitute and helpless people, many of whom had formerly been in affluent circumstances. The liberality of the charitably inclined people was put fully to the test during the first two years that followed that election.

Efforts were made by the administration to bring

about international bimetalism, but this proved a failure. The people had borne their unjust and unequal burdens patiently during many years, but now they saw there was no hope for the poor man. Capital had drifted into the hands of a few, and times continued to grow harder for the laboring man.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE Cuban patriots had been fighting for independence against great odds, and under great disadvantages, for Spain had from time to time put large numbers of fresh troops in the field. These brave Cubans were not dismayed nor discouraged, however, but were determined to succeed at any cost, having adopted as their motto: "Independence or death!" and many a brave soldier gave up his life for his country. Not only were the men brave and patriotic, but the Cuban women were imbued with the same spirit, and assisted their husbands, brothers, and sweethearts in every way possible, willingly sacrificing all save honor for their country's sake.

Señora P. Hernandez, whose husband had been killed in the early part of the war, obtained authority from General Maceo to organize a troop of Amazons, who were brave and ferocious fighters. She was a wealthy woman, and in order to prevent her sugar plantations and mills falling into the hands of the Spaniards, she assisted the Cuban army in destroying them.

The Captain-General, seeing that it was impossible for his army to capture or subdue these brave and patriotic people by honorable warfare, resorted to the most inhuman and barbarous methods, burn-

ing and destroying their every means of subsistence, even those of the women and children, and permitted most inhuman and unspeakable outrages to be perpetrated on defenseless women.

The Cubans, knowing their cause was just, fought on, enduring untold hardships; and appealed to the Government of the United States to recognize their belligerent rights. But the President wished to avoid war with Spain, and therefore delayed taking the step so much desired by the Cubans.

Isabella, knowing she once had near relatives who owned large and valuable plantations in Cuba, and that she, too, owned some property there, had gone to visit the island in quest of her relatives' descendants and to take possession of her property. She had been there only a short time when the Cubans declared their independence of Spain, and prepared to fight for their rights.

Although the history of her remarkable sleep in the cave had preceded her, it only served to add to her attractiveness, as in person she was apparently a young woman, and a very beautiful one.

The Spanish officials vied with one another in their attentions to her, and she was the honored guest at all public functions in Havana.

General Weyler had given a grand ball at the Palace, to which many officers, prominent citizens, and distinguished foreigners, as well as all the beautiful and accomplished young ladies of the best society in Havana, were invited. There were many beautiful women present on this occasion, but none

of them surpassed Isabella in loveliness. She was constantly surrounded by admiring officers and other distinguished gentlemen, and had danced with several of them, among whom was Consul-General Lee.

General Weyler was captivated by her grace and beauty, and sought the pleasure of a waltz with her, but she gracefully denied him the honor. Becoming enraged at this lack of respect for him, Weyler resolved to be revenged.

The next morning he sent a polite note to Isabella requesting her presence at the Palace at noon.

She knew that the Commander was angry with her and mistrusted his motives, but knew, too, that she must comply with his request, for if she did not, he would send a squad of soldiers and bring her by force. So, donning her most elegant costume, she prepared to go at the hour designated. Before starting, however, she sent for Captain Cisneros, a nephew of the Cuban President, and told him of the Captain-General's note asking her presence at the Palace, also telling him of her misgivings.

Captain Cisneros advised her to not go,—to feign sickness as an excuse for not going. He proposed to disguise her and to convey her secretly to an outgoing vessel and thus enable her to escape the vengeance of the "butcher" as he termed the commanding general. It would never do, he declared, for her to be exposed to the fury of that brute.

Isabella replied that she was not willing to act the part of a hypocrite by feigning sickness just in order

to avoid a disagreeable interview,—even with General Weyler.

“No,” she said firmly, “I shall go to the Palace at the appointed time.”

CHAPTER XXIV

ISABELLA was not only the most famous woman in the city of Havana but throughout the entire island,—because of her accomplishments, her intellectual attainments, and her rare beauty. Her husband, before marriage, had been stationed in Cuba for more than a year, and during that time had acquired a large tract of land, embracing several thousand acres, in the suburbs of Havana. This property had been especially exempted from taxation by decree of the crown, and the title was so fixed in General Castella that it could not be forfeited, and it therefore remained vested in him and his legal heirs, unless disposed of by them. On the occasion of his marriage he had given these lands to Isabella as a bridal present.

The property had remained unoccupied for many years, but finally, after learning that General Castella and all his troops had been massacred, it was taken charge of by the Cuban government and leased for a long term of years to large manufacturing concerns; the proceeds being invested in trust for the rightful owners, if any of these should ever claim them.

This income had grown to an immense sum, and as Isabella had the necessary documents, she had but

little difficulty in proving her title to both the property and money.

On learning of the massacre of General Castilla and his troops by the Indians, the government of Spain had placed the salary due him, and a large bounty, on interest in trust for his heirs. This fund had not been claimed by any one, and the interest, which had been compounded every year, now amounted to several millions of dollars. So, with the accumulations in Cuba and Madrid, Isabella found herself in the possession of great wealth.

Her sympathies were with the Cuban patriots, and she had often contributed financially to their needs. She had also done much to alleviate the condition of the poor and destitute on the island,—many of whom were in a starving condition, and were dying by hundreds, because of Weyler's inhumanity.

General Weyler had repeatedly cautioned Isabella not to do anything to aid the Cubans; but, despite his warnings, she had often disregarded his wishes in this matter.

And thus matters stood at the time that she was summoned to call at the Palace to see the Captain-General.

CHAPTER XXV

ISABELLA went to the Palace at the hour designated, unaccompanied by any one. She passed the sentinel and a squad of soldiers on the plaza, who all treated her with marked courtesy. On approaching the entrance to the Palace, the massive door swung open slowly, and after she had entered the hall it closed again automatically. Isabella now found herself in a long wide hall with beautifully frescoed walls and ceiling. This hall was handsomely carpeted, but was only sparsely furnished.

She stood still for a moment, expecting some one to come and direct her to the Captain-General's office; but no one came, and as she observed an elegant leather couch near her, she seated herself, and then noticed a card lying there on which was written instructions for her to remain seated until called for. She now had time to look around and observe her environment; and to contemplate her meeting with the irate General.

Everything seemed so quiet in that great house that a feeling of awe stole over her. She waited five, ten, fifteen minutes. No one came, nor did she hear a sound except an occasional soft strain of an organ, which was apparently in some remote part of the Palace.

The silence and suspense were so intense that it began to produce a feeling of dread, as if some awful fate awaited her. She got up and tried to open the door, with a view of escaping if possible, but she found it securely locked. She then hurriedly walked to the door at the other end of the hall, hoping she might be able to open it; but found it locked also.

She now saw there was no chance for her to escape, and so retraced her steps and again seated herself on the couch as before,—philosophically resolved to await developments.

She had been seated but a few minutes this time when a nearby, secret door opened and General Weyler approached her. He did not apologize for keeping her waiting so long, but extended his hand, saying:

“I am pleased to see you are so prompt in complying with my request.”

He then led the way to his office, and after Isabella was seated, he closed and locked the door. Then, without ceremony, he told her she had not only treated him discourteously but that he was reliably informed that she had disobeyed his orders in regard to giving aid to the rebels; adding that she might consider herself his prisoner. He told her that she was in his power now, and must comply with his wishes in all respects or he would send her to Morro Castle, from which she might never be released. He said that in case he should send her to the prison he would confiscate her property.

There was no mistaking his meaning when he said that she could have the freedom of the Palace, with all of its luxury, and be attended by all the servants she could desire, if she would comply with his wishes.

Isabella's indignation rose at the man's dishonorable conduct, and she demanded that he release her at once; reminding him that she was an American and would appeal to the President of the United States for protection if Weyler refused to release her.

But the Captain-General only laughed at her, reminding her of the fact that she was absolutely in his power, and had no means of getting word to any one. He advised her to reflect calmly on her situation, and to act rationally.

Isabella replied:

"General Weyler, I know you are in command here, and that you have me a prisoner in your power. But I also know you are devoid of honor, and your brutal nature has led you to perpetrate many great wrongs on helpless, defenseless, innocent women. I know you have the power to put me in a dungeon and to starve me to death, or have me shot, but I defy you to do your worst. I know you are devoid of the instincts of a gentleman, and that you are capable of doing anything, no matter how base, to gratify your selfish nature; but I want you to distinctly understand that I prefer death to complying with your demands."

The Captain-General, far from showing anger at her denunciation, said he thought her very attrac-

tive and interesting, and did not wish to mar her beauty, but would do all in his power to enhance it, if she would accept his hospitality and permit him to do so. She again, with considerable show of anger, demanded that he release her at once,—refusing to listen further to his flattery and protestations of admiration. But the brute persisted, when she made an effort to escape from his presence. However, escape was impossible; the doors were all securely locked.

General Weyler, seeing at length that she was obdurate, touched an electric button, which was immediately responded to by a squad of soldiers, who came through a secret door from an adjoining room. He then ordered them to take her to the castle, and securely confine her there, not permitting her to communicate with any one on the way.

The soldiers did as they were ordered; and first disguising her in a black wrapper, prepared for the purpose, they forced their prisoner into a closed carriage, which was in waiting at the rear of the Palace, and hastily drove to the prison.

CHAPTER XXVI

As previously related, Captain Cisneros being suspicious of the wily General, had protested against Isabella's going to the Palace. So after she started to go there he notified his friend B—— (whose name, for important reasons, will not be given), and the two, disguised as beggars, loitered in the vicinity of the Palace,—one at the front and the other at the rear,—for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, what would come of Isabella's interview with Weyler.

Captain Cisneros knew that if any villainy were contemplated, and Weyler should incarcerate the young girl, the General would have her conveyed in disguise from the rear of the Palace; so he watched at that point for any evidence that might indicate such a maneuver.

When, at length, the soldiers led Isabella to the carriage, he recognized her despite the disguise, and his heart almost ceased to beat, for he knew that her removal meant that she was doomed to Morro. He felt like rushing to her rescue, and, if need be to sacrifice his life in the effort to save her. But a moment's reflection convinced him that this would not only be futile but would be disastrous to both of them; for there were hundreds of armed soldiers

within call, and by so rash an act he would lose his own life as well as deprive Isabella of any possible chance of escape from prison; because he thought it possible he might devise some plan for her rescue.

Having, therefore, quietly followed the carriage at a safe distance until he saw her delivered at the Castle, Captain Cisneros sought his friend and informed him of what he had seen; whereupon they began to plan some means of assisting her to escape.

Meanwhile, Isabella,—who had been put on the second floor of the prison, in a large room where a number of other female prisoners were confined,—tried to find some way by which she could send word to Captain Cisneros; but, being closely guarded, she could not do so. She knew, however, that he would be on the lookout for her, and would doubtless soon find out where she was confined.

After Isabella had been in prison a few days Captain Cisneros and his friend hit on a plan that, though a dangerous one, they believed could be successfully executed. He had learned that the female prisoners were confined in a large room on the second floor of the castle; and as there was a tall building just across a narrow alley opposite Morro, he lost no time in disguising himself and securing and taking possession of the house, although the rental was a handsome sum.

In order to avoid suspicion, the Captain purchased a quantity of fine furniture, which he had placed in the house. He now had made a light steel frame, about twelve inches wide and twenty-five feet long,

—so constructed that it could be folded and carried in a small trunk; but when extended at full length the springs would hold it as rigid as if it were made of solid bars of steel. This frame he had conveyed to the house in a trunk. After getting it there, he had to weave a network of wire over it in such a manner that a person could walk on it without falling through.

The Captain found it necessary to work with great caution, since there was danger of attracting the attention of the sentinel. He therefore waited until the moon was in a position to throw the shadow of Morro over the house he occupied; then he and his friend cautiously opened a window in their building directly opposite one in the castle. Even then they experienced some difficulty in throwing the steel frame across the alley so that one end of it would rest on a sill of the prison window; but they finally succeeded in doing this by means of a lever which they had constructed for the purpose, with guy ropes attached.

Having landed it safely on the window-sill, Captain Cisneros mounted the frame, and keeping his eyes steadily on the window of Morro, walked across the space between the two buildings and secured a footing on the window-sill of the prison.

The weather being warm, the windows were up, but heavy iron bars secured the prisoners. It was nearly midnight and Isabella,—with whom it was important he should at once communicate,—was probably sound asleep, as she knew nothing of his intended effort to rescue her. He must do some-

thing quickly, for he was in a precarious situation, and in danger of being discovered at any moment. He could see the sentinel walking on his beat only a few yards away, plainly visible in the shining moonlight; being screened by the shadow of Morro, however, the Captain remained unseen by the soldier below.

Captain Cisneros had been regarded an accomplished whistler and could accurately imitate a mocking bird, having often done so to the great delight of Isabella. He now decided to try this and see if she would not recognize him. He could hear the heavy breathing of some of the prisoners, but as there were no lights in the room he could not see any one. With veiled voice he uttered Isabella's name, whispering it very faintly through the bars into the room. No answer came. Then, in a subdued warble he began the mocking bird's song.

As the first notes sounded on the night air he thought he was about to be discovered, for the sentinel suddenly stopped and appeared to listen. But evidently failing to ascertain the direction of the sound, turned to look elsewhere.

Captain Cisneros, fearing he would be seen and that all would be up with him and his scheme for rescuing Isabella, drew his pistol and prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. He continued the songs of the mocking bird, however, which doubtless had the effect of allaying any suspicion of the sentinel, for he resumed his pacing to and fro on his beat, and paid no further attention to the rescuer.

He did not have to wait long, however, for Isabella soon found her way to the window where he was. She told him that she had heard his first notes and had recognized him, but as she hastily arose to go to him, the sleeper with whom she was compelled to bunk, turned and showed signs of waking; so she had to lie down again for a short time.

Captain Cisneros told her that he was preparing to cut the bars on the window so that she might escape; and that he intended to do as much of the work as he could that night, but that he would not be able to complete it until the next night. Isabella promised to be in waiting for him about the same hour. He then sawed one of the bars about half in two, and applied a strong acid to it; but as, by this time, the moon had risen so high it would soon expose him (for it was very bright) he was compelled to abandon the work for the present. Bidding the prisoner to be of good cheer, the captain retreated to his room, then withdrew the bridge and carefully concealed it in the attic.

The next night at the appointed time Captain Cisneros again put the steel frames or bridge, in position between the windows, and crossed over to the castle window, where he found Isabella waiting for him. She did not have to tarry long, for he soon had the bar sundered, and then, by means of a piece of scantling and his own giant strength, he succeeded in bending it to one side so as to make an opening large enough for her to crawl through. In a moment she was out on the window-sill beside her

rescuer, and at his direction, with the agility of a squirrel, ran on the steel bridge across the intervening space to the opposite window, immediately followed by Captain Cisneros. He then withdrew the bridge and secreted it.

Isabella quickly donned the costume of a young man, which was in readiness for her; and the two immediately left the house, taking a cab that was waiting for them, and proceeded to the home of Captain Cisneros' friend, where they remained in hiding for a few days.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE people of the United States were daily becoming more and more interested in the cause of the Cubans, and were urging the President and members of Congress to take such steps as would bring independence to them and relief to suffering humanity on the island.

But the President was desirous of avoiding war if possible, and used his best efforts with Spain peaceably to secure the much desired relief. His efforts, however, were made in vain, and war became inevitable.

Congress, knowing how illy prepared this government was to engage in such a conflict as must necessarily ensue, voted unanimously to place fifty millions of dollars at the disposal of the President, to be used as he might see fit in the making of the necessary preparations. An army was necessary to meet the enemy, and the President called for two hundred thousand volunteers. From all over the land,—North, South, East, and West,—came the response to the call, many more than were needed, answering. More ships of war and transports were provided; and as supplies of all kinds were in great demand for both army and navy, the wheels of every sort of industry were put in motion. All kinds of

manufacturing plants that had long been idle were now brought into use, and many new ones were established and operated, in order to supply the demand. The farmer, too, found a ready market at advanced prices for his products.

At about this time new and rich gold fields were discovered, both in the United States and Alaska, from which the output of the precious metal was enormous. Thus the Government put large quantities of money into circulation, which resulted in bringing prosperous times to the general business of the country, thereby bringing relief from the sufferings the people had endured so long, as the result of demonetizing silver, and clearly demonstrating the importance of a larger circulation of primary money.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THERE was great commotion at General Weyler's headquarters when he learned that Isabella had escaped. He ordered that the sentinels who were on duty at the time be shot without trial. By his command the city was searched for her in every quarter where it was thought possible for her to be concealed; and a strict guard was established to prevent any one's leaving the city on any of the vessels in the harbor.

Isabella was so unrecognizable in her disguise of a young sport that it would have been impossible for her most intimate friend to have discovered her identity. She visited the theatre, and frequented the hotels, so that she might not awaken the suspicion of the detective in search of her. She managed to confer occasionally with Captain Cisneros, who was devising some means for her to escape from the city.

The opportunity finally came on a stormy night when the Cuban patriots became particularly active in the vicinity of Havana and engaged the attention of General Weyler and his troops.

Captain Cisneros had purchased a small fishing-smack, which he had in readiness at a convenient place, and during the storm he, with his friend and

Isabella, cleverly eluding the sentinels, embarked in this boat. Captain Cisneros' friend had carefully studied the harbor and the positions of vessels and buoys, so that he could safely guide their boat out to the open sea.

By four o'clock in the morning they had succeeded in getting outside the harbor and a sense of relief came to them at being clear of the presence of those they feared. However their position was hardly improved, for they were on the ocean, without a compass or guide, being tossed by the waves,—which were running pretty high,—and at a loss to know what now to do. They had hoped they would sight an American vessel and be picked up. The dangers on the island, from which they saw themselves drifting away, were past, but a new danger confronted them,—at any moment they might be engulfed.

The storm abated, however, and the stars commenced to come out one by one. Soon daylight began to dawn, and patiently they waited and watched for the rising of the sun. At length it came up, apparently out of the ocean, and from it they reckoned that they were drifting in a northerly direction. About noon, by means of a field glass, which Captain Cisneros had taken along, the refugees observed a vessel in the distance, but were unable to distinguish its flag. As it came nearer, however, they could see that it was floating the Spanish colors, and was making for the port of Havana. But it passed at a safe distance without taking any notice of them.

The ocean now became unusually calm, and they

hoisted sail as a light breeze, favorable to their voyage, sprang up late in the afternoon. The sun was now on the downward slope and would soon sink beneath the western waters. The three in the boat had carefully scanned the broad expanse of water in all directions in search of a friendly vessel, but failed to get a glimpse of one. The prospect was not encouraging by any means, but as the ocean was calm and the sky clear, they kept up courage, and prepared to pass another night on the bosom of the deep, in their frail craft.

About midnight they discovered a ship coming toward them and evidently going in the same direction they were. It soon came within hailing distance, when they gave a signal of distress. This was noticed by the officer on watch, who had the vessel slow up, and rescued Captain Cisneros and his companions from their perilous situation. The vessel proved to be an American merchantman bound for Charleston, and the captain manifested his friendship for the rescued party by providing them with all the comforts one could desire.

On reaching Charleston, Isabella, Captain Cisneros, and his friend disembarked and took a train for Washington City. On arriving at the Capital, they called on the President and related all the incidents connected with Isabella's imprisonment by General Weyler, her rescue from Morro by Captain Cisneros and his friend, and their subsequent escape from the island. They also gave him much valuable information in regard to the condition of

affairs in Cuba, advised him as to the strength of Weyler's army, and the defenses in Havana.

When, later, the destruction of Spain's navy by Admirals Dewey and Schley put an end to the war, and the Queen of the Antilles was made free and independent, Isabella returned to Cuba and devoted much time and labor to the bringing about of a better condition of things on that once unhappy island.

CHAPTER XXIX

IN the political campaign that followed the Spanish-American War, Mr. Bryan was again the Presidential candidate of the Democratic party, and Mr. McKinley that of the Republican. The platforms adopted were practically the same as those of the previous campaign, except that the Democrats emphasized more particularly the free and unlimited coinage of silver, at the ratio of sixteen to one, while the Republicans leaned more toward the single gold standard. The Secretary of the Treasury had expressed his desire to commit this Government more fully to the policy of the Republicans.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt,—who had commanded the “Rough Riders” in Cuba and who, by signal courage and daring deeds, had become famous during the war with Spain, and subsequently become governor of New York,—was made the running mate of McKinley. Strenuous efforts were put forth by both parties in the contest; but the “full dinner pail,”—a result of the Spanish-American war,—together with coercive measures of wealthy corporations, gave the Republican party the victory; although the vote polled for the Democratic candidate was larger than had ever before been cast for

any candidate, thus showing that the people were alive to the issues before them.

Charles Fosdick,—who had been an active participant in the campaign, and had won fresh laurels on every occasion that he spoke, without making any effort in his own behalf, had been nominated and elected to Congress by the people of his district.

The President inaugurated some measures that tended to bring about a better and more harmonious feeling between the people of the North and those of the South, and was planning to broaden the foreign commercial policy of this country when he was ruthlessly shot down by the bullet of an anarchist assassin. The whole country, without regard to politics or religious creed, deplored this calamity and demanded the speedy punishment of the culprit.

Mr. Roosevelt, who had been elected Vice-President, now took the oath of office and assumed the reigns of government. From his speeches and writings uttered prior to his election it was believed that he would be the people's friend. But he soon came under the influence of great capitalists, and changed his policy. He failed to prosecute the Trusts as he might have done under the laws of Congress; his practice of social equality with an inferior race, and his persistency in appointing members of that race to important official positions, regardless of the disapproval of the Senate,—in addition to many other mistakes he made that con-

flicted with the views and best interests of the people,—caused the masses of the plain people to think and talk as never before. They saw that if they would be free and independent and prosperous,—and successful,—they must rise to the importance of the occasion and appropriate their prerogative of voting in accordance with their own interests as they saw and understood them. To this end they demanded a change of administration.

At length came a day when the Democrats were successful in electing their candidate for President, by a larger majority than had ever been accorded to any one before.

Under the new régime, not many years passed before Congress enacted a law putting silver on an equal footing with gold,—at the ratio of sixteen to one. This gave great impetus to all kinds of legitimate enterprises, and prosperity and happiness reigned throughout the entire nation.

CHAPTER XXX

AFTER Isabella had been taken from the cave to the city, Mr. Crockett had the gold and silver coin and gold bricks, which had been found in the vault, removed and securely deposited in the city. He also had the boxes of precious metals, found near the furnace, conveyed to the same place. He subsequently ascertained that the whole treasure amounted to more than twenty-six millions of dollars. He prosecuted the work in the mine, which proved to be very valuable, yielding over ten millions of dollars annually.

With this income he built in the city extensive factories that gave employment to all who desired it; paid off the city's debt; improved the streets, sewer system, and electric light plants, and purchased the street railway and the waterworks system and presented them to the city. He established free baths and swimming pools, and inaugurated a campaign of rivalry among the owners of homes, with the purpose of improving and beautifying their property, so that every house and fence was kept in good repair, being freshly painted twice every year. In cases where the owners could not well afford to make these improvements, Mr. Crockett assumed the expense, only asking that the repairs be kept up in

future, if possible. He also provided the poor with clothing and stimulated all to dress well, so that none ever appeared on the streets poorly clad. If a farmer came to the city with a poor team, or wagon, he procured a better one for him, and in these and many other ways stirred the people to better efforts and nobler aims, until poverty, dissipation, and crime were entirely banished from that city.

The influence of this example extended to other cities and towns and to the rural districts throughout the state, so that in a few years all the inhabitants of that commonwealth were prosperous and happy; public enterprises were promoted; debts, public and private, were paid off, and crime ceased to exist.

The penitentiary, jails, criminal courts, and peace officers were no longer needed.

All lived such natural and temperate lives, that they rarely ever got sick, and the doctors had but little to do. Men exercised love for their neighbors and dwelt in harmony, as brothers should.

The people abandoned their religious creeds and dogmas, and united on the broad platform of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, worshipping God by serving one another.

A tabernacle in the city, having been erected, with sufficient capacity to accommodate all, where might be heard the best lecturers obtainable,—men of broad intellect,—the people came together by thousands for instruction in moral and religious truth. The result was that the calling of the orthodox

preachers was gone, and the lawyers had to change their vocation, or seek more fruitful fields in other climes.

Dr. Brown remained at the Newton Springs several months, during which time Mrs. Brown's health was entirely restored, and she became herself again,—cheerful, buoyant and happy,—spreading sunshine wherever she went; while Clara made friends among the rural people, and continued her hunting excursions as long as she remained in that region.

Charles Fosdick, after having served one year in the House, was elected to the United States Senate, where he became distinguished for the power and unselfishness of his activities. He and his wife,—for he married Grace,—did everything that was possible for the prosperity and happiness of their fellow-beings, which drew to them the love and admiration of all who knew them. Of these admirers, not the least was Forster, who had been tried and convicted, but for whom Charles,—at the earnest request of Mrs. Jones,—had secured a pardon. With his wife and daughter, the former convict moved West, where, far from the old life, he grew to be a better man.

Of the others,—George Howell and May Fosdick married and settled in New York City; Willie Crockett married Clara Brown, moving to Little Rock, where they lived long, ever practicing the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, while Isabella and her husband, Captain Cisneros, devoted their

lives to the assuring to the people of Cuba the enjoyment of all the blessings of life.

As time went on, the people advanced as never before in education, culture, and refinement, until this nation grew to be the wonder and admiration of the world. Men gave up selfish ambition, and devoted more time and means to the betterment of their fellows, so that in a few years vice of every kind had been banished, and virtue reigned supreme. The result was that the women grew more beautiful, more accomplished, and more richly endowed with all that tends to increase the charm of the gentle sex; the men more intellectual, more generous, and nobler in their conduct.

Under the new system, the great Trusts were dissolved, and instead of trying to crush others for the purpose of gain, every man assisted his fellow-man to make a success of whatever enterprise he might be engaged in. The prisons and courts were no longer needed. Immoral literature was no longer patronized, and its publishers went out of business. The country was colonized with vigorous, industrious people; and soon from ocean to ocean it was like one continuous garden. All debts of every character,—public, corporate, and private,—were paid off, and the people were absolutely free and happy. Politics became a science, as did religion, the two being studied for the purpose of promoting the good of all; while the man no longer sought office for gain or personal fame. The office literally sought the man.

Gigantic enterprises were undertaken and consummated. The railroads, canals, telegraph, and telephones were owned and managed by the general government, and the waterworks, electric-light and gas plants, and street railways were under the control of the municipal governments. The banks of the Mississippi River and its important tributaries were walled with solid masonry where necessary, so that they no longer overflowed. The great swamps were drained and turned into farms, orchards, and gardens, and the places that had once been the habitation of frogs, alligators, reptiles, and wild beasts now resounded with laughter and the songs of happy children.

Aerial navigation was perfected, so that any one could have his own aeroplane and travel with more safety and with greater speed than might be obtained in any other way.

Other nations, seeing what a wonderful revolution bi-metallism had wrought in the United States, soon adopted it, and with similar results. After a time all armies were disbanded, navies were abolished, and nations no longer feared one another.

Canada, Mexico, and all the countries of Central and South America were, at their own request, annexed to the United States, and became part of the nation.

Great trunk lines of railroads with double tracks traversed the entire land from north to south and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific. These roads

were managed with such perfect system and prudence that no one any longer feared accidents,—collisions and smash-ups having become things of the past.

With the establishment of honesty, men no longer manufactured adulterated food, and, with the increase of intelligence and virtue, the people lived long and happy lives and gradually expanded into a new race of beings, with perfectly developed bodies and well-balanced minds.

The Government erected on Pike's Peak a telescope with immense lenses many feet in diameter,—an instrument so accurately adjusted that it could be manipulated by a child, with perfect ease. By means of this telescope, astronomers were enabled to examine even the insects on the planets of our solar system, and to study the manners and customs of the inhabitants of those worlds. Wireless telegraphy had long before this proved a success, and now came into general use as a means of communication with the neighboring planets.

The inventive genius of man became so intensified that what had formerly seemed gigantic and magnificent now dwindled into insignificance. Instead of trying to rob the Government or to make money out of public enterprises, the people volunteered their services,—free of charge,—to aid in furthering any work that might be for the common good.

Under this benignant order of things even those that had,—by the practice of a misguiding policy,—

brought so much distress and disaster to the country, now acknowledged their error, and joined in rejoicing with those that had been most instrumental in bringing about the revolution in the affairs of the nation.

Thus the United States continued to grow in population, in improvements, in culture, in refinement, and in peace-loving prosperity, so that the country became literally a paradise on earth,—a land whose message of universal weal was soon graven so deep upon the hearts of other nations that the long-looked-for Millennium was no longer only the cherished dream of the future but became, indeed, an inspiring reality.



